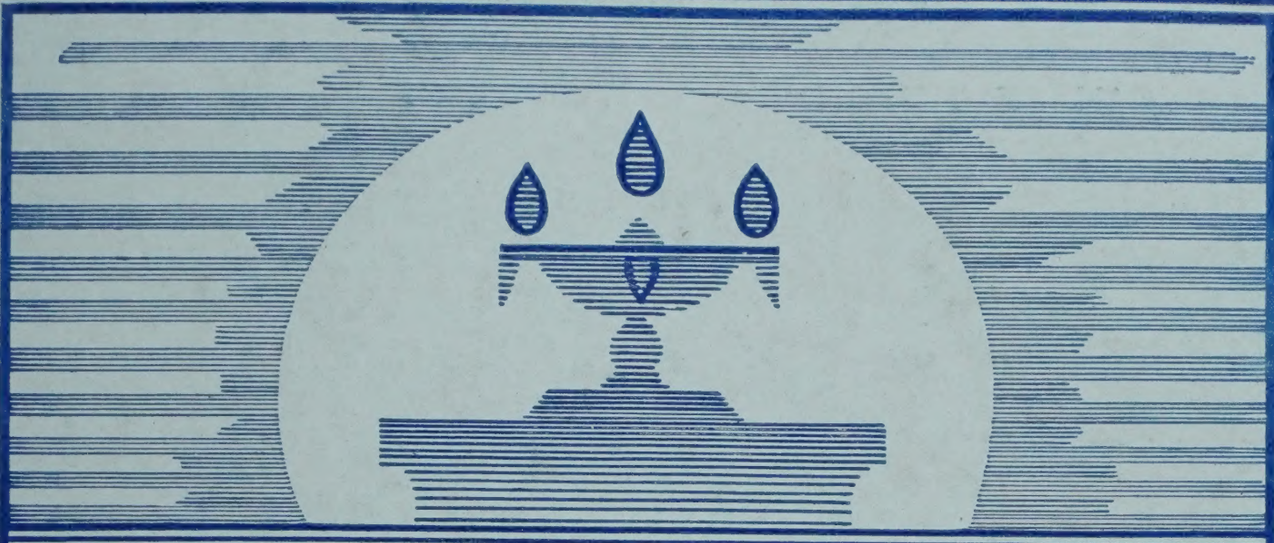

The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIV SEPTEMBER 1963 No. 9

IN SEARCH OF PEACE

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for March 1932.—ED.]

FIGHT the good fight. The field of duty is the field of battle. Jehad is the holy war. Fired by such watch-words the earnest aspirant begins war on the plane of the soul.

In the literature of mysticism there is no volume more popular than the *Bhagavad-Gita,* and it is, *par excellence,* the book of war — the greatest of all wars, that which the Soul wages against the demons of doubt, hypocrisy, and selfishness.

Men and women are attached to their woes. Even though they perceive the source of these to be their own blood-bonds of desires, Arjuna-like they still hesitate to give battle. Therefore seers and sages, who are men of peace, call upon mortals to fight for the kingdom of immortality. The greater the pacifist, the more doughty the soul-warrior. This is the central message of the *Gita.* Krishna, in whose consciousness mortals and immortals, men and beasts and all things inhere; a consciousness which is the resting-place of the universe and the kingdom of supreme repose — Krishna plays the part of the Generalissimo of the Pandava armies.

Numerous examples can be quoted to show that he who desires to be at peace within himself and with his neighbours invariably wages a strenuous war against his own lower nature, and thereby draws on himself the ire of other lower natures present in his own society. There is a strange law in Occultism under which the resolute aspirant galvanizes the dormant vices within himself so that he may overpower them. Also he acts as the catalyzer for other people's lower natures and tendencies.

This must be the reason for the recommendation which every aspirant receives — "Seek the company of the soul. Recognize that flesh, your

erstwhile friend, is your foe. Withhold your mind from all external objects. Withhold internal images lest on your soul-light a dark shadow they should cast. And seek, O beginner, to blend your mind and soul."

Our weaknesses and blemishes cause an intoxication and blind us to the presence of the soul. The aspirant in his earnestness pays more attention to his ignoble selfishness than to the Noble Self, his real soul. This war-mentality overtakes him who desires to be the friend of all creatures, and often he makes the same mistake as the patriot whose love for his own land causes him to be jealous and suspicious of other peoples — especially neighbours. In this Kali-yuga, era of dark weaknesses, the constructive aspect of the *Gita* and other martial books is overlooked, and the destructive task assumes a very prominent position. This in itself is a formidable obstacle, and makes the living of the spiritual life more difficult than it need be.

It is a striking fact, though often passed over, that the *Gita*'s programme is constructive. The refrain "*therefore* stand up and fight," is not causal. The holy war against evil in us has to be waged, but by the constructive weapon of clear thinking founded on true philosophical principles. We *have* to kill the enemy but we have also to recognize that he is but another aspect of the same immortal Self, and in reality cannot be done away with, but only assigned his own legitimate place.

No one, however powerful, can arrive at peace by a continuous engagement in war. Constructive work can really be done during the periods of peace. This is not only a truth of history; in spiritual life also it holds good. When one stricken with the vision of his own many blemishes pulls himself together and gives them battle, prolonged and persistent, he arrives at a state of complete spiritual exhaustion; he has to learn the art of living at peace in the midst of untamed enemies, to engage himself in constructive work surrounded by agents of dark destruction. He must not be frightened of the enemy, for then he cannot be overthrown. He must labour constructively, gathering his resources of virtue and wisdom, and in silence develop the necessary sense of humour without which soul-foes are well-nigh unconquerable. Moral weaknesses and vices are verily sprites who assume new airy forms to attack the soul again and yet again. Therefore while war against the animal in us must be waged, the task of gathering soul-force within ourselves must not be neglected.

The lesson to be learned, then, is that we should in the first place seek the Krishna, the Christos, the Buddha within. Its nature and powers once understood by the mind will make the dethronement of the

enemy, Duryodhana, Satan, or Mara, more easy and more possible. We are so apt to engage ourselves in meddling with, purifying and controlling the lower, that we find no time to contemplate the higher, be energized and inspired by it.

To blend mind and soul means that the thinking principle, which at present is attracted by the passions and desires and impressed by their contact with the objects of sense, is so modified as to be impressed by soul-knowledge, i.e., knowledge inherent in the soul. To cleanse the mirror of the mind on which the dust of conflicting passions has accumulated we need an intelligent cleaner. This is the soul. The soul is not the collection of ideas and aspirations of the man of senses. The soul is an entity, distinct from the mind and its arguments and knowledge, distinct from the desires and their longings, distinct from the sensorium and its receptivity. The soul is superior to, and other than, all these. It has the power to look upon ideas directly, and does so by the faculty of intuition. It has the power to emanate compassion because it has within it the vision of the eternal fitness of all things bound together in one grand unity. It has the power to move in every direction producing sacrifice — not useless sacrifice, but the necessary sacrifice natural to itself. The holy war cannot be waged in the absence of Krishna, whose instructions, logical, consistent, unanswerable, must be impressed upon the mind of man — *Nara,* one of the names of Arjuna.

Therefore it is well to turn to the soul *first* and gain a perception of its beneficent and constructive programme. The dealing with the man of flesh is only a secondary phase. The shadow of destruction is bound to disappear as the sun of the Self rises on the horizon of the mind. No doubt it will mean hard labour to remove the dirt and the debris of the night-life of the devil in us, but the Light of the Soul reveals the horror of the darkness, and with the dawn comes strength and wisdom.

THAT which is uncreate abides in thee. . . .

—*The Voice of the Silence*

"GITANJALI" AS RELIGIOUS POETRY

[**Shri C. N. Patel** is a translator of the collected works of Mahatma Gandhi. In this attractive essay, he gives us a simple, orderly sketch of the religious experience embodied in *Gitanjali*. He quotes felicitously from Tagore's beautiful words.—Ed.]

If we are to appreciate the true measure of Rabindranath Tagore's greatness as man and poet, we must examine the religious experience which inspired the *Gitanjali* poems. Those who know Bengali speak of the exquisite beauty and music of Tagore's verse, and claim greatness for him as poetic artist in virtue of those qualities. To be sure, sweetness of versification is a very important element in great poetry, but in the final analysis the true foundation of a poet's greatness is the depth of his experience. In estimating a poet's achievement, we must sooner or later ask the question how far he was sincere, that is, identified himself with the experience which he made the substance of his poetry, and how deep that experience was, of what universal interest.

It is somewhat difficult to answer these questions with regard to religious poetry, for two reasons. First, in modern times the validity of religious experience itself is called into question, and, secondly, religious emotion appears to be so common and cheap among some kinds of men that it is extremely difficult to judge in a particular case whether it is sincerely felt or is just a platitude, a mere echoing of what many others have said. The best thing that the modern reader can do, in approaching a work of religious poetry, is to suspend his judgement for the time being, and allow the work to operate on his poetic sensibility without raising any theoretical questions at the outset. When his mind is fully permeated with the poet's experience, he will be in a better position to judge for himself whether he can accept religious emotion as a valuable form of experience and whether the experience of the particular poet he is dealing with is a sincere, personal experience.

What, then, is the nature of Tagore's religious experience which found expression in *Gitanjali*? Very often, by religious poetry we only mean devotional songs, like the two famous poems which made a powerful appeal to Gandhiji, Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," and Narsinha Mehta's poem describing the character of a true Vaishnava. Such poems move within a purely human range of thought and emotion, and are easily intelligible. But they do not always rise to the level of true poetry. At the other extreme, there are poems which draw upon a mystical vision of the world and attempt to render that vision through the medium of

human experience as intelligibly as it can be rendered. Such are the works of Shri-Aurobindo and Blake, and likewise some portions of the Vedas and the Upanishads. Such poetry, from the very nature of its subject-matter, is bound to be obscure to the average reader. As the *Gita* says, what is day for the ordinary man is as night for the Yogi and what is night for us is as day for him. Experiences which have the reality of direct perception for the Yogi appear to be wild ravings to an unsympathetic reader. It is claimed on behalf of the Yogi that his experience is of a fundamentally different kind from ordinary human experience and that human speech is an altogether inadequate medium for its expression. The Bible refers to the "peace that passeth understanding." The Upanishads speak of a region of experience from which both mind and speech return, baffled in the attempt to grasp its significance. Obviously, poetry which is inspired by such experience is beyond the reach of the average reader. It is only by a supreme act of faith that we can believe in the validity of that experience and feel its truth in the poetic beauty of its expression.

Tagore's religious poetry, as represented in *Gitanjali,* belongs to neither of these two classes. Nowhere in the *Gitanjali* do we come across the conventional sentiments of adoration or the familiar prayers of pious devotees. Religion for Tagore is neither a ritual nor a mystical trance. It is a living experience, and an experience which appears humanly intelligible. Tagore's is an intensely human personality, all the more sensitive because poetic. Like all the great poets of the world, he is full of "the love of love and the hate of hate." "The poet," said Wordsworth, "does not shed tears such as angels weep, but natural and human tears." The experience of a great poet is the experience of humanity at large, refined into greater intensity than is possible to others. In Tagore's case, this natural, human personality of the poet has felt the impact of another order of experience. He has had a glimpse of it, a distant vision of it, as it were. He is not yet flooded with it, submerged by it. This new experience, this glimpse of

> that serene and blessed mood,
> In which the affections gently lead us on,
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul

is not directly the subject of Tagore's poetry, as it was not that of

Wordsworth's. In its very essence, it is beyond speech and understanding. Tagore is modest enough to say:

> I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house....
> I live in the hope of meeting with him; but this meeting is not yet.

What he sings of is the impact of this vision on his ordinary human personality, the new perspective that it gave him on the purely human values of life, the colour that it lent to his human emotions. Like Wordsworth before him, Tagore found that this visitation became a profound turning point in his life. It was not a break, as it was in the case of Vivekananda, but a turning point. To the end of his life, Tagore remained in our human world; only, he saw that world with new eyes.

What did they reveal to him? Ordinarily, we cherish our self-consciousness as something sacred, and even people who are otherwise very modest and humble cling to their self-conscious personality as if it were the highest thing in the world. But sometimes one may feel, as Wordsworth felt,

> a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought....

Wordsworth said that this presence disturbed him with the joy of elevated thoughts. It is the joy of our self-centred consciousness melting away and surrendering itself to a larger presence. Tagore, too, felt the melting of his ordinary self, felt himself to be the instrument of a higher power, felt all his talents to be "gifts" from that divine power. The *Gitanjali* opens with this touch of true humility:

> Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life....
> At the immortal touch of thy hands my little heart loses its limits in joy and gives birth to utterance ineffable.

The poet discovers a new significance in his poetic gift. "I know thou takest pleasure in my singing." From henceforth, his poetry will be an act of worship: "My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O master poet, I have sat down at thy feet."

This consciousness of a power higher than himself is the beginning of the poet's spiritual journey, a long and painful one. The pride and

vanity of our natural human self do not disappear for ever. Wordsworth had said of "the vision splendid" that

> At length the Man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

Even after an experience of profound self-surrender, the ordinary human self would reassert itself. Tagore feels this self to be a prison, is impatient with it, but is unable to escape it. "He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon." "The shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love." Haunted by the memory of rapturous moments which will not come again, the poet sends out a cry of despair:

> Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Ah, love, why dost thou let me wait outside at the door all alone? . . .
> If thou showest me not thy face, if thou leavest me wholly aside, I know not how I am to pass these long, rainy hours.

But the poet learns to endure this grief of separation in the faith that there must be meaning in it too. "If thou speakest not, I will fill my heart with thy silence and endure it." He feels himself tested through the fire of suffering. "My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals. . . ." He prays: "Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows."

And so the poet waits for the moment of fuller revelation. The poems which describe his waiting are touched with a sadness that is, strangely, almost sweet. Following in the footsteps of a host of other mystical poets, Tagore seeks to render his moods from day to day in terms of the love of man and woman, a love that is free from all erotic suggestions, as pure in its imagery as that of Mirabai. He remembers with regret the moments of illumination when he could not grasp the full meaning of his extraordinary experience: "He came and sat by my side but I woke not"; "Ah, why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep?" The poet cannot answer the questions of those who want to know why he is so restless. "Oh, how, indeed, could I tell them that for thee I wait, and that thou hast promised to come?" "The night is nearly spent waiting for him in vain." After a momentary glimpse of the longed-for presence, what memory is left with the poet? "What token left of thy love? It is no flower, no spices, no vase of perfumed water. It is thy mighty sword, flashing as a flame, heavy as a bolt of thunder." It is a useful sword, though. "Thy sword is with me to cut asunder my

bonds, and there shall be no fear left for me in the world."

The poet waits for the final illumination in the full assurance that it will come, sooner or later. He must keep himself ready and make himself worthy of it. "Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs." "The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky."

Through every moment of experience the poet feels himself drawn tc His beloved presence:

> Have you not heard his silent steps?
> He comes, comes, ever comes.
> Every moment and every age, every day and every night he comes, comes, ever comes. . . .
> In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of his feet that makes my joy to shine.

What will be the end of this spiritual journey? There have been great thinkers, like Shankaracharya, who held that when we finally awake to the ultimate Truth, this human life as we know it will lose all its meaning. We shall discover, in Shakespeare's words, that

> we are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

Tagore, however, does not share this view. His thought is coloured by the Vaishnava tradition of India, which finds the significance of human life in the bond of love between God and man. The world is not an unmeaning illusion but divine sport, in which man is created to be the playmate of God. Tagore's poetic temperament responded in full to this Vaishnava tradition. "Thou must take me as thy partner of all this wealth." "No," he says, "I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch, will bear thy delight." "I have had my invitation to this world's festival, and thus my life has been blessed." Yes, this world is a great festival to the poet. He has understood now why this festival has come into existence:

> When I give to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on the clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints — when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

This beautiful world is God's gift to humanity. True worship of God consists, not in the ascetic rejection of all the delights that the world

offers to our senses, but in the grateful acceptance of these and in the self-surrender of love. "Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love." Human personality, then, is not an evil thing, but a sacred creation. "That I should make much of myself and turn it on all sides, thus casting coloured shadows on thy radiance, such is thy *maya*."

Since the poet has accepted life, with all its joys and sorrows, as the gift of God, to be dedicated to His service and His worship, death has no terror for him. He has loved life truly, and he will love death when it comes. "Death, thy servant, is at my door. It is thy messenger who stands at my door." "And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well." To a life lived in this spirit, what more fitting close than the following?

> When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable. . . .
>
> My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come — let this be my parting word. . . .
>
> And now I am eager to die into the deathless.

C. N. PATEL

One star made infinite would all exclude,
An earth made infinite could ne'er be viewed.
But one being fashioned for the other's sake,
He bounding all, did all most useful make:
And which is best, in profit and delight,
Tho' not in bulk, they all are infinite.

—TRAHERNE

THE RAPPROCHEMENT OF EASTERN AND WESTERN PHILOSOPHIES

[THE FIRST PART of this article by **Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava, M.A., D.Litt.**, appeared last month. In this second and concluding part he gives us his conclusions. He seems right in insisting that *as an intellectual comprehension* philosophy will never reach a single, fixed, universal form. This, in fact, may have been the compelling necessity behind the six seminal *darśanas* or "views" obtained from various points which are traditional in Indian philosophy. The question is: Is there a *knowledge* (not intellectual perhaps, but certainly not opposed to reason; rather transcending it) that comprehends all Reality, and cannot Realization of it be communicated, at least in part, to those willing to make the necessary *moral* effort? Theosophy affirms solemnly that there is, and that great spiritual teachers restate aspects of it.—ED.]

II

MY OWN CONCLUSIONS on the theme may be summarized as follows:

Philosophy has been, all down the ages, a universal activity of the human mind in all parts of the globe, Eastern as well as Western, but neither in the East nor in the West has there ever been, or is ever likely to be, a single universally acceptable philosophy. Philosophy, in the very nature of the case, being essentially a product of reflection or speculation — not, of course, *in vacuo,* but working upon certain data coming within the purview of the philosopher — can never have that objectivity and universal acceptability which the exact and natural sciences have, however much we may desire that it did have it. Philosophy, as such, extricated from religion or culture, has had certain basic types, those in the East corresponding with those in the West, such as realist, idealist, intuitionist, monist, pluralist, absolutist, theist, and so on. To a certain extent, it may be conceded, divergent schools of philosophical thought will come nearer to each other and touch common ground, as has already happened in contemporary philosophy[1]; but they will not altogether cease flying their own pennons. Philosophical diversity is an inexpugnable phenomenon.

In view of the fact that there are parallel and corresponding systems of philosophy in the East and in the West, the question of East-West contrast in philosophy loses much of its substance. I am in heartiest

[1] *Vide* BERNARD BOSANQUET: *The Meeting of Extremes in Contemporary Philosophy.*

agreement with those who deny such a contrast *in philosophy* — the case of culture or religion or civilization is different. It is nothing but a fallacy of oversimplification to say, for example, that the Eastern philosophy is intuitional or mystical and the Western is intellectual or that the Eastern is spiritualistic and the Western is materialistic, and so on.

Philosophy essentially *is* an affair of the intellect or reason, an intellectual articulation of human experience taken comprehensively, wherever it has existed, whether in the East or in the West. *Philosophy as such,* not Western philosophy alone, is an intellectual interpretation of reality, though the philosopher may and should include religious or mystical experience also within his purview. The Easterner's insistence on intuition or realization of Truth does not mean that he advocates abjuring reason *in philosophizing.* He only means to say that what reason establishes theoretically or speculatively can be realized intuitively in a living, immediate, integral experience. The discipline of life, *sādhanā,* for this eventual integral experience of Truth is, for the Indian, religion in the highest form and in the truest sense of the word. It is thus that religion comes to be *associated with* philosophy in India — not that there is no philosophy in its purity, philosophy in the sense of a rational formulation of the nature of reality, in India. Professor Charles A. Moore has rightly observed that "the cliché that there is no philosophy in India or that philosophy in India is fundamentally religious is unfounded."[2]

Philosophy in India has been called *darśana* (literally, perception) from the point of view of that in which the philosophical endeavour as *manana,* rational reflection upon the nature of reality, is to consummate, viz., the intuitive perception of Truth. The celebrated utterance of the sage Yājñavalkya in the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*: *Ātmā vā are draṣṭavyaḥ śrôtavyaḥ mantavyaḥ nididhyāsitavyaḥ* ("This Ātman is to be perceived, to be heard of, to be rationally reflected upon and to be meditated upon"),[3] is the *locus classicus* which laid down the methodology and the goal, the spirit and the procedure, of philosophizing in India. The perception of the *Ātman* is the goal; hearing, thinking, and meditating are the steps to it. The first step is "hearing," hearing of the *Śruti* texts about the *Ātman* from the preceptor or studying the texts by oneself. But the business does not end there. What is heard of or read

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[2] *Philosophy East and West,* Vol. XI, No. 1–2, p. 7.

[3] *Br.Up.,* 2–4–5.

must be rationally reflected over, must be philosophically thought out. This is the second step, an indispensable step, called *manana*. That Indian philosophy has not been simply authoritarian, that *manana* was given its full due, is evident from the existence of an enormous mass of strictly philosophical literature increasingly accumulating all down the centuries in India. Though the *āstika* or orthodox systems of Indian philosophy upheld the authority of the *Śruti* texts, they also insisted upon reasoning and intuitional experience as indispensable; what are known as the *nāstika* or heterodox systems of philosophy, the Jain and the Buddhist philosophies, did away altogether with the authority of the *Śruti* and resorted entirely to independent rational thinking. But both the *āstika* and the *nāstika* philosophers enjoined the practice of meditation and ethical purity as indispensable for the intuitional experience of Truth. One may philosophize and stop at that; the traditional spirit of India has always accorded a higher honour to the philosopher who is *also a saint* than to one who is merely a philosopher. This may be taken as a contrast between the Indian and the Western *outlook on life* — not a contrast *in philosophy* in so far as philosophy is conceived as an intellectual understanding of reality. To speak of East-West contrast *in philosophy,* therefore, does not seem to me a tenable proposition. In the West also philosophers have not been wanting who said that the attainment of the spiritual vision was the crowning glory of the pursuer of wisdom — Plato, to mention a single example. Not that Plato disparaged intellectuality. In the *Republic* Plato tells us that in the education of the Guardians the "dialectic" is to come at the end of the severest study of the sciences.

What form will the *rapprochement* of Eastern and Western philosophy take? This is the crucial question. In my opinion, the possibility of the emergence of a world philosophy or a *philosophia perennis* in the sense of a single universally acceptable philosophy can be ruled out *ab initio* as something impossible in the very nature of things. Philosophical diversity will ever remain. Philosophy cannot have that universality or objectivity which physics or mathematics can have.

There is also no point in envisaging an eclectic combination of Eastern and Western philosophies. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, there is not simply *one* Eastern or *one* Western philosophy, but many on both sides. Which one of the Eastern philosophies will then have to be combined with which one of the Western? Secondly, the combination formula can only have some meaning if Eastern and

Western philosophies are fixed and final. But we think neither is so. Philosophy both in the East and in the West is today an on-going, forward-moving, process.

The formula of subordinating the one to the other, the Eastern to the Western or *vice versa,* will also not work. There will, of course, be, as there already is, the impact of one on the other, but there never will be the subordination of the one to the other.

The form of *rapprochement* that, in my opinion, can legitimately be expected to take shape in future may be outlined as follows. There will be an ever increasing impact of Eastern philosophy (not only of the classical systems of the past, but also of the contemporary currents of thought in the East)[4] on the Western and *vice versa.* This will follow in the wake of deeper and ever more precise understanding of each other's thought. The deeper study of each other's thought by Eastern and Western philosophers will also bring into clearer relief the similarities that exist between Eastern and Western philosophies, in whatsoever measure, and show the fallacy of the East-West contrast in philosophy, the subtle fallacy of conveniently assuming this or that doctrine to be peculiarly Eastern or peculiarly Western. It would not be out of place to cite here the very interesting example of Frederic Spiegelberg's observation in a recent work of similarity between certain aspects of Indian thought as represented in Shri-Aurobindo and modern existentialism.

> I do feel [writes Spiegelberg] that there is a great deal of similarity between Heidegger's new existentialist emphasis on direct experience and direct participation with things, rather than on looking at them from outside, with the traditional Indian epistemological approach which also rules out, like [the] existentialists, the only [sole] importance of reasoning and inference. It has its place but it will not get us to the full understanding of reality. You have to realize it. You have to open your eyes. It has to be right in front of you and you have to visualize it. It has to become an experience. This is the statement of Vedānta. This is the statement of Aurobindo. And this is also the statement of Heidegger, very much in contrast to the high esteem, sometimes the overestimation, in which reason and thinking is held among all other kinds of philosophers.[5]

In another important respect, Spiegelberg finds a striking similarity between Aurobindo and existentialism, the latter most consistently

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[4] The interest taken by contemporary Western thinkers in contemporary Indian thinkers like Tagore, Aurobindo, K. C. Bhattacharya, and S. Radhakrishnan may be cited as an example.

[5] FREDERIC SPIEGELBERG: "Sri Aurobindo and Existentialism" in *The Integral Philosophy of Sri Aurobindo.* Ed. by HARIDAS CHAUDHARY. p. 52.

represented, in his opinion, by Heidegger. For both, he points out, the end is not individual salvation but the transformation or divinization of the earth or matter. For both man is an instrument of the Ultimate Power in bringing about this transformation. For both the essential message is the same: "The beginning is the result." We have to raise ourselves up to That from which we come.

Rapprochement in the form indicated above has already begun to take place. Already philosophers on either side have begun to know that there are important philosophical truths on the other side as well. Further progress has to be made in this direction. A fruitful programme in this task of greater *rapprochement* can be the co-operative tackling of fundamental philosophic problems by Eastern and Western philosophers. It is by the joining together of philosophers of both the hemispheres in co-operative discussions of basic philosophic problems that, through a process of cross-fertilization, schools of thought will be ushered into existence which will not be called Eastern or Western in the geographical sense of the term but will rank as world philosophies. This kind of co-operative approach will demand on either side complete freedom from all biases and from every shade of parochial outlook and a superlative open-mindedness in the superlative degree. If we start *ab initio* with the unshakable conviction that final truth has been reached in this or that system of philosophy, our philosophizing can only take the form of what modern psychologists call "rationalizing" as distinguished from genuine reasoning. It is only with an open-minded approach that philosophy can be, and can continue to be, an "on-going" process in which both Easterners and Westerners can mingle their thoughts and carry the stream of philosophical knowledge ever forward. The programme suggested here can well be taken up by the coming East-West Philosophers' Conferences and by the journal, *Philosophy East and West,* which is dedicated to the cause of the *rapprochement* of Eastern and Western philosophies. Let Eastern and Western philosophers meet, not merely and solely for the exposition of their respective philosophies, but for a co-operative solution of basic philosophical problems. In such meeting they will realize their common humanity transcending geographical, racial, and cultural boundaries.

In closing, I wish to revert again to the possibility of the emergence of a world philosophy as a result of the East-West encounter. I have suggested in the course of my article that the prospect for the emergence of a single universally acceptable philosophy is altogether precarious.

This might appear a very bleak prospect to all those who ardently look for and long for the emergence of a world philosophy, a body of philosophical knowledge which has the same universality as science or mathematics has. If this prospect remains, they will argue, if philosophy remains an interminable debate and the "strife of systems" can never be eliminated, our best endeavours in the pursuit of philosophy but ultimately end in a fiasco. Can it be denied, it will be asked, that there is, in the words of St. Augustine, a "Wisdom uncreate, the same now as it ever was, and the same to be for evermore" (*Confessions,* IX. 10) and that the discovery of this perennial wisdom is *the* goal of philosophy? Well, *theoretically* it cannot be denied and is the underlying assumption even of contemporary movements which seek to make philosophy completely objective and universal.

On the assumption that philosophy must, after all, be a body of universally valid knowledge or no knowledge worth the name, various contemporary programmes are afoot to make philosophy a universally acceptable body of knowledge. Yet the attempts are themselves divergent.

Bertrand Russell chalks out one programme. He is well known for his enthusiastic advocacy of making philosophy *scientific.* There is, according to him,[6] no special brand of knowledge which could be called philosophical knowledge. The only valid kind of knowledge is scientific knowledge and philosophy must become scientific. In his recent book, *My Philosophical Development,* Russell states that the philosophical position to which he is led "results from a synthesis of four different sciences — namely, physics, physiology, psychology and mathematical logic."[7] Russell is not unaware of the faltering position and limitations of scientific knowledge:

> Science is at no moment [he tells us] quite right, but it is seldom quite wrong, and has, as a rule, a better chance of being right than the theories of the unscientific. It is, therefore, rational to accept it hypothetically.[8]

Again:

> All that physics gives us is certain equations giving abstract properties of their changes. But as to what it is that changes, and what it changes from and to — as to this, physics is silent.[9]

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[6] *Vide* BERTRAND RUSSELL: *Our Knowledge of the External World.*

[7] BERTRAND RUSSELL: *My Philosophical Development* (Allen and Unwin, London 1959), p. 16.

[8] *Ibid,* p. 17. [9] *Ibid,* p. 18.

Yet he would not like philosophy to stray from the norms of scientific knowledge and accept as valid any other kind of knowledge.

The logical positivists are pursuing yet another programme. Taking verifiability in empirical experience as the touchstone of all valid propositions, they would rule out as meaningless or nonsense all propositions that are not thus verifiable. The logical positivists are out, not to give us a world philosophy in the form of a universally valid body of knowledge, but to establish their own way of ending the "strife of systems" by suggesting a revolutionary concept and function of philosophy. Philosophy is reduced to a department of logic, its function being to give, not any theory of reality or a metaphysics (for they hold that there is nothing to choose between the different theories of reality, all being alike meaningless), but a linguistic analysis of propositions. Though ostensibly the logical positivists rule out a metaphysics, they do suggest by implication a metaphysical theory of reality which confines all reality to empirical experience and denies the validity of what may be called trans-empirical experiences.

Both the examples cited above are attempts, each in its own way, to end philosophical diversity, and yet they are themselves divergent. I can envisage the emergence of world philosophies, some even arising from the combined and co-operative endeavours of Eastern and Western thinkers, but not of a single world philosophy. The future does hold within it the possibility of the emergence of philosophies with world-wide influence arising from the co-operative endeavours of Eastern and Western thinkers. That would be no mean achievement in the direction of an East-West *rapprochement* in philosophy, and we may hope for its realization.

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

IN the furthest depth of our being we are secretly conscious of our share in the inexhaustible spring of eternity, so that we can always hope to find life in it again.

—SCHOPENHAUER

BRIDGES ACROSS THE WORLD

[**Mr. Dudley Glass** is a thoughtful observer of the monuments of human labour. The structures fashioned by human hands carry an unspoken but profound message for him. He has written of "Legends of the Cities" (February 1959) and "The Romance of Towers" (July 1959) in THE ARYAN PATH. In this article he communicates something of the atmosphere that emanates from the world's notable bridges.—ED.]

A BRIDGE is more than a thing of utility. It can stand for both strength and grace, power and poetry. The theme belongs to legend and history; the structure starts with nature and ends with high engineering skill. Man is its beneficiary, not only through its physical aid but the symbolism it expresses in the spanning of distances, the joining of opposites, the conquest of difficulties.

In the imaginative East the image appears before the dawn of civilization. Ceylon, so full of legends, sees the chain of sandbanks joining Manar with the Indian coast as Adam's Bridge, by which, when expelled from Paradise, he crossed to an earthly one crowned by Adam's Peak and its miraculous footprint. Still half in the realm of fancy, these shoals are also claimed to be Rama's bridge, all that is left of a giant causeway built to carry the hero's army to Ceylon.

Fantastic Chinese bridges, curving as those of his native Venice, greeted Marco Polo on his travels. Even less substantial is the one known to those who sip their tea from cups of Willow Pattern Plate. Watched by a weeping tree, it manages to support a mandarin and two runaway lovers turned by the gods into turtle-doves.

A poem in porcelain. When it comes to sagas in sound, remember the iridescent Rainbow Bridge of Wagner's opera *Rhinegold*. Built only of majestic chords and ethereal harmonies, it bore Wotan and the other Nordic gods to Valhalla. A more German legend tells of the Bridge of Gold spanning the Rhine at Bingen. The spirit of Charlemagne crosses it, when seasons are plentiful, to bless the vines and corn.

In the world of reality, bridges started with natural rock arches over chasms or fallen logs across streams. Festoons of trailing stems and ropes of creepers or grass were primitive suspensions. So nature showed man the way to cross water otherwise than by fords and ferries. The East led the way while the West as yet was in its infancy: four thousand years ago Queen Semiramis of Babylon built an arch of sun-baked bricks over the Euphrates. All that is left is archaeological lore, but there are ancient examples to be seen, such as the timber bridge span-

ning the Jhelum river at Srinagar, an ancestor of the cantilever, its piers of criss-cross deodar logs.

The despots of old erected their bridges for military purposes. When Xerxes, King of Persia, sent an expedition against Greece, it crossed the Hellespont by means of an ancient pontoon, a bridge literally of boats, oared triremes. Hannibal of Carthage did more than conquer the Alps in his march against Rome; his scientific studies enabled him to bridge many rivers.

In her day Rome built as many as eight bridges over the Tiber, of which six are still standing, including the beautiful Ponte Sant' Angelo. The first and most famous was described in Macaulay's pillar of education, *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The Pons Sublicius saw the exploit of Horatius Cocles and two companions, who defended it in 598 B.C. against the invasion of an entire Etruscan army. This was possible because the Romans destroyed the part behind Horatius, who then swam to the shore.

The grandeur that was Rome needed bridges for its advancement. Taking only ten days, Julius Caesar constructed a thousand-foot trestle over the Rhine, described in his history of the Gallic war. The empire reached its zenith under Trajan, a builder of far-flung bridges, from the Alcantara over the Tagus in Spain to the Danube one pre-dating Budapest's ornamental chain-bridge by seventeen-and-a-half centuries.

Rome had a College of Priests, the chief called the Pontifex Maximus, charged with maintaining the bridges; for they were acquainted with the supposed mystery of their building. Longfellow, in his "Golden Legend," says:

> Well has the name of Pontifex been given
> Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
> And architect of the invisible bridge
> That leads from earth to heaven.

Bridges could bestow their blessings, and a Roman type with a peaceful purpose was the aqueduct. The ruins of an impressive one are to be seen in Provence, that warm south of France. High, three-tiered, the Pont du Gard was used to carry water to the ancient city of Nîmes with its pools and fountains.

Across the tawny Rhone river stretches another fragment of stone, by the Palace of the Popes, the Pont d'Avignon celebrated in song. "On the Pont d'Avignon," it runs, but the word should be "under"; for the Provençals could only have had room for their square dances

on the island beneath the central arches. It owes its existence to St. Bénezèt, who came as a shepherd lad able to move a huge stone to the site as proof of his divine mission. Made a saint, buried in the chapel over the water, he was a worthy member of the Brotherhood formed "to give aid to voyagers, to build bridges, or to establish boats for their use, and to receive them in the hospices on the banks of rivers."

Paris was born as a Gallic fishing-village on an island in the middle of the Seine. She spread to both banks, and in the Renaissance built a bridge which became the chief artery of a growing city for two hundred years. The Pont Neuf, so strong that robust men were compared with it, not only had shops and stalls, carriages and rumbling carts, but princes and pickpockets, poets and vagabonds. It told a legend: that no one could cross it without meeting a white horse, a pastrycook, and a hunchback. A reminder of the first is the equestrian statue by the rebuilt white bridge: King Henry IV still goes riding.

If Paris had her Pont Neuf, Old London Bridge was as important a chapter in a tale of two cities. Saxons had built a timber bridge over the Thames; in the reign of Aethelred this key-point was held by attacking Danes. When Aethelred's allies, Olav the Norwegian chieftain and his men, rowed downstream and toppled it over with their ropes, a popular chant arose: "London Bridge is Falling Down."

Following the example of St. Bénezèt, and in the same period, an English monk, Peter of Colechurch, was inspired to build another London Bridge. A mighty piece of masonry, it supported a Chapel of St. Thomas and many timber buildings projecting on the parapets. By the drawbridge stood None-such House, a mediaeval prefabrication for a nobleman's pleasure, for it was brought from Holland, piece by piece. Many times attacked by fire, Old London Bridge survived for six hundred years, those twenty arches slowing the river traffic and creating out of trading the site for a city. The idea that the bridge was "built on wool-packs" sprang from the fact that Henry II put a tax on wool to raise revenue for it.

Earlier mediaeval bridges adorn the Continent, with some notable ones in Switzerland, which remembers the lake-dwellers' huts on piles. Lucerne is proud of the timber Chapel Bridge of 1333 with the water-tower; it zigzags over the torrent of the Reuss, in keeping with the stirring historical scenes painted under its roof. This bridge inspired two Swiss village carpenters, the brothers Grubenmann, to span the Rhine at Schaffhausen with a covered wooden bridge characteristic of forested countries. Later years found them in America, from Pennsyl-

vania to California, bearing such New World names as Wawona and O' Byrne's Ferry, and signs like "Walk Your Horses."

Over another swift-flowing river of Europe, the Moldau at Prague, arches the Charles Bridge, named after an Emperor, that needed a hundred and fifty years for its completion. Consequently its style is mixed, from mediaeval piers to renaissance gate-towers and parapets. To see this pile at dusk is to imagine a procession of the Saints, for their statues ornament it, among them St. John of Nepomuk, Bohemian patron saint of water.

That remarkable Italian artist who was also a scientist and engineer, Leonardo da Vinci, offered Duke Sforza of Milan some unusual ideas about bridge-building, and went so far as to write to the Sultan Bajezid offering to put a nine-hundred-foot arch across the Golden Horn. His plans were in a military mould, but the Renaissance also stood for culture. Florence, a city flowering in literature and the arts, built a bridge in harmony. The Ponte Vecchio tells its story in the words of Longfellow, that traveller in poetry:

> Taddeo Gaddi built me. I am old,
> Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
> Upon the Arno . . .
> And when I think that Michael Angelo
> Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

Across this picturesque structure runs a street of goldsmiths' shops; above them a gallery joins the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces. A bridge of art, and the fairest painting traced on it is the view of a golden river reflecting the hue of stately buildings along quays where Dante and Beatrice walked.

Venice has her elaborate, marble-encrusted Rialto Bridge, named after a district in the city and given a reputation for gossip by the observant Shakespeare. It rises in a steep curve over the Grand Canal, so extending its friendliness, for under it have passed all the gondolas that ever made a carnival from the gay days of the Republic. Equally famed, if gloomier in its connections, is the arch about which Byron made an error when he wrote: "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs." "In," rather, for this was a passage between the Palace of the Doges and the State prison, and its sounds were the antithesis to carnival.

Ruskin, a lover of "The Stones of Venice," could also find beauty by the waters of his own country.

> I . . . walked over Kew Bridge [he wrote], the twilight relieving in purple masses the foliage on the Island above it, and glowing on the two reaches of the lovely river, around which modern art is now striving to realize the promise of its poet,
>
> "Hail, sacred Peace; hail, long expected days
> That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise. . . ."

In the same vein Wordsworth wrote his immortal sonnet on London, "composed upon Westminster Bridge, 1803":

> Earth has not anything to show more fair:
> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty:
> The city now doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning. . . .

"The Shapes arise! . . ." So wrote America's Walt Whitman, but modern bridge-building was to start in the British Isles. London's Tower Bridge, castle-like to suit its position, had ingenious bascules to raise and lower. The spread of railways across the Victorian countryside brought thousands of less decorative but even more serviceable bridges into being. Important ones were built by a Scot, Thomas Telford of Eskdale, responsible for the renowned suspension spanning the Menai Straits, Wales. Combining the vision of a poet with single-minded application, he fell on his knees in thanks on the completion of the bridge.

Out of the disaster of the wrought-iron Tay Bridge, Scotland, swept away by a storm, came an improved design with attention to wind loads, the Forth Bridge. A cantilever, it strode the wide Firth of Forth like some monster of the North, yet brought untold benefits.

So in America the initial tragedies of Brooklyn Bridge are forgotten in its service to transport. A severe winter, blocking New York's East River with ice, putting ferries out of action, had persuaded authorities to bridge this link with Brooklyn, but the designer, John A. Raebling, died in an accident at the inception. His son, who carried on the work, was paralyzed as a result of a fire in an under-water caisson, but saw the undertaking to its triumphant end.

America's giant wonders of the West, the 4,200-foot Golden Gate Bridge and the San-Francisco–Oakland-Bay Bridge, nearly five miles of a series of spans with Yerba Buena Island in the link, are more than webs of wire-rope cables, calculations of stresses and strains, machines for collecting tolls. One, symbolically painted red as the Pacific sunset

its bay looks towards, carries a beacon for ships at sea; the other leads to a mainland and a learned University campus.

Australia's Sydney Harbour Bridge, evidence of British enterprise, is the heaviest and wildest of all suspensions, carrying four railway lines, six roadways and two footways for easier access to the North Shore. Besides this, like all great bridges it has personality. Its steel arch can be seen as a development of the aborigine boomerang of an age-old land into a rainbow typifying a future tinged with the promise of such shining achievements.

DUDLEY GLASS

CITY DAWN

The dawn unfolds like some gigantic flower,
The city's heartbeats are but faintly heard,
Our dreams dissolve as life's resurgent power
To new activity is stirred.

Soon, what was strange, illusory, and rare,
Caught like the stars within the web of night,
Will be a memory to heal despair
And put our fears to flight.

HERBERT BLUEN

THE UNIVERSE—A THOUGHT

[**Shri J. M. Ganguli** pleads passionately against all that tends, in his judgement, to stifle inquiry and induce a dull, uncomprehending contentment with the appearances of life. In doing so he expresses many dissatisfactions which would be valid starting-points for arguments against conventional religious attitudes. But much more can be said about the real question: "How shall a man know Reality?" A Theosophical suggestion is made in the note which follows the article.—ED.]

SIR JAMES JEANS, the great physicist, has said, "The universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine." Some Vedantins have said that the world was a projection of *maya*, a sort of illusion.

Thought presupposes the existence of a Thinker and something to think about. The *maya* hypothesis also poses the question: "Whose *maya*?" And, also, whoever the Being may be whose *maya* produces the Creation or the illusion of the Creation, the further question arises as to how the *maya* was caused in the Brahman, which is presumed to be *nirvikara* (without attributes and unmodifiable), and besides and apart from which nothing had been and nothing had existed.

The inevitable implication of both these ideas is that behind the whole show there has been a conscious Being, and that Being, whether the "*nirvikara*" theorists like it or not, was susceptible to *vikara*. But *vikara* cannot be self-generated; it is caused by something external to the conscious being susceptible to it. On the other hand, the physical subjectivity of the world, as relativity physics points out, could exist even without the minds and the senses of conscious beings.

Such conceptions are always stimulating and provocative, and should urge one irresistibly to keener probings into the fundamental mystery of the world, what it is or what it appears to be. But unfortunately they have led to a mental inertia which has made many people accept them as good and quotable definitions and descriptions of the Ultimate Reality. When questioned about the nature of the Creation and of its Creator they say with satisfaction and with a sense of completeness that it is a Thought, or that it is just *maya*, an illusion. They omit to bear in mind that none of those who have exclaimed that the Universe was a Thought or the projection of a *maya* was himself satisfied with what he had remarked, and that with a burning dissatisfaction in them they had all pursued further their enquiry into the problem which had excited their curiosity. Jeans did not leave it at his phrase but wanted to

discover and know the Thinker, whom he described partly as a Perfect Mathematician. The Vedantin also had followed up his meditation, in spite of occasional outbursts of "*Neti, neti.*"

There was and there always is the greatest and the most absorbing interest in the quest of the Unknown, and in thinking and thinking on about Him; but the theologians have damped that spirit and have disliked anybody's straying out of the fold within which they have sought to bring and keep their followers. The fold spread only as far as their faith, which stood on the foundation of a few holy books. Even when careful observation, added experience, and fresh perception have challenged the age-bound beliefs and current notions, the religious dogmatists have turned their faces away and have condemned any tendency to inquire as sinful.

> To believe that life emerged from disorder in an otherwise orderly universe is untenable if we are to regard man as an important factor of its design. We may, of course, be entirely wrong in according him so much importance, but we have little choice if human ideals are to be maintained.

This has been said. But are some supposed human values so worth adhering to that we must shut our eyes to light for their sake? Man may represent a progressive evolution in an expanding universe, and the solar system may have been formed in harmony with the rest of the universe; but it is essential for more knowledge that we keep our minds open.

> Do your duty, always; but without attachment. . . .
>
> In every age I come back to deliver the holy, to destroy the sin of the sinner.
>
> All the worlds, and even the heavenly realm of Brahma, are subject to the laws of rebirth. But for the man who comes to Me there is no returning.
>
> Through Me alone you can reach Him.

Do such sayings and admonitions help in any way in the understanding of the questions which often strike us as strange? The invitation to devoted faith and blind submission is only a means to send the man, who comes out to question and know, back home where he is instructed to sit quietly and read and learn the texts in the scriptures, which are burdened with wishful assumptions, faith-saving dogmatic statements, and a string of prescriptions of do's and don'ts, all shrouded in a cover of something supernatural. People devoted to these do not like any

breakthrough, any brushing aside of the supernatural by such scientists and thinkers as are not satisfied with the knowledge they have and want to go deeper and know more. There is no point in warning them that by dispensing with the supernatural they dispense with the Creator; for they understand that in Nature there is no place for the supernatural and that continued enquiry has turned the supernatural of yesterday into the natural of today, and also that the Creator cannot be known through the misty cloud of the supernatural but only by the open-eyed observation and study of His creation. One has very aptly said, in speaking of miracles,

> what can rank with the great cosmic miracle of life itself — the fashioning, through evolution, of mind and personality out of neutral impersonal stuff — the drifting dust clouds of galactic space?

Those who shut their eyes to this cosmic evolution and devote themselves to the framing of duties to be done and of odd things to be shunned, stray far from the path that tends, though dimly and remotely, to the Castle of the Creator. Moreover, they surprise, more than they convince, an inquirer when they speak about duty and sin and virtue, etc., without making an attempt to relate them to the cosmic evolution of life. *Karma,* duty, and all the rest that a devotee is reminded of, if they meant anything, can only have followed the evolution of life through a cosmic process of its own, and it must be a potent and provoking question how such *karma* and duty had come to be attached to a man and how he could have been made responsible for them. Duty implies mutuality; one owes duty to another; and hence in talking about duty and in prescribing it, it must be explained how the mutual relation between two or more individuals arises and how one individual gets related to another in the process of the evolution. To say that such a relation is an incidence of birth or of association and environment is a poor and most unsatisfying explanation, because in such an explanation the cause behind birth and behind two persons becoming neighbours or getting related otherwise is left out of account.

Reason and logic often fail us, no doubt, at some point in our probe into the marvels of the world, but that cannot mean that the universe is a freakish creation, a stupendous assemblage of random happenings and meaningless, incoherent accidents and incidents. Causality must be, and must have been, embedded under every layer of its formation. So long we are unable to get down to it we cannot be happy or satisfied, and therefore the theologians and the dogmatists and their faithful and

unquestioning followers are losing touch with those real questioners who do not seek to be comforted in their physical distress and in their occasional mental depression by some soothing words which do not impress them. The more the latter suffer, the more they are impelled to seek confrontation with the Real Cause of their suffering — Divine, All-Powerful, or whatever other adjective may be prefixed to that Cause. To seek out that Cause, instead of closing their eyes to the multi-sided and multi-coloured manifestations of that Fundamental Cause, they go out to observe, analyse, study, and meditate over all that they see and perceive, keeping their mind ever alert to receive and respond to fresh knowledge and changing experiences. In that way they think more earnestly and more profoundly about God, the Creator, than those who read and repeat mechanically some sacred books and devotional utterances and perform, as a daily routine, some sacramental duties and obligations.

The unknown architect of a building is known when we study his plan and construction and begin to understand his skill, object, and purpose. And so also only the Creation can give a glimpse of its Creator. The Creation, both its subjectivity and objectivity, has, therefore, to be observed and studied by all the means that we may have, by analytical reasoning, mathematical theories and calculations, and by experimental measurements and verifications. This is only a materialistic outlook, those who love to indulge in make-believe will say; but, whether the Creation is a thought or a *maya*-illusion, its nature can be understood only after an intensive study of the material aspects of that thought or illusion. It is easy to sneer at the scientist and call him unspiritual, but, in fact, he is more in earnest to come in touch with the Great Spirit behind the Creation, and devotes himself more steadfastly to feeling His hand behind His manifestations, than the unthinking faith-adherents. The true scientist is a Yogi, who always observes and wonders at the marvellous skill and the mysterious purpose of God and remains ever absorbed in meditation on Him.

J. M. GANGULI

A NOTE ON "THE UNIVERSE — A THOUGHT"

A PASSION OF SEEKING stamps itself on most of Shri Ganguli's writing. In this article he glances at some famous sayings about the nature of the Universe, and then turns away in a burning dissatisfaction because what were living insights in their authors become stony formulae for millions who know of them only as the dogmas of this or that school. (Shri Ganguli says "theologians" when he means those who wish to impose formulae on others' minds as ultimate truths. But the process is one that occurs in philosophy and science as often as in religion.) He turns his back on the great Advaita doctrine of *Maya,* and on the *Gita*'s teaching of disinterested action, and on Sir James Jeans's striking phrase about the Universe as a great thought; for he is sensitive to the vastness of cosmic life and knows how inadequate *any* formula is. In that respect what seems to be his irreverence to these famous ideas is really his gradual approach to the great truth of Abelard: *"In re est veritas"* — the truth is in the actuality of things, not the patterns in which we shape our perceptions of them.

How, then, shall a man know Reality? Shri Ganguli speaks with respect of the scientist who studies the manifestations of life, and seems to feel that some such occupation is the utmost nearness to Reality we can attain. In all seeking and all study, however, the great limiting factor is the seeker's conception of himself. If he conceives of himself as a measurer, he will know that aspect of reality which is susceptible of measurement. But are there not the great incommensurables? Emerson remarked finely that a scholar should not be a thinker but Man Thinking, i.e., the wholeness of human nature should be immanent in the specific activity of thought. Great spiritual teachers have always insisted, for this reason, on real self-knowledge. The great search is first within, not because of any contempt for the cosmic process of life without but precisely because the inner harmony is a precondition for the just appreciation of the marvels without. Hence those passages in the *Gita,* which may seem baffling if taken as concrete descriptions, nevertheless contain practical hints for the purifying of our perceptions. The teachings of the great teachers are all "working hypotheses" for us, as Madame Blavatsky said; which means that they invite us to work at verification and not subside into a sheepish assent. But, rightly used, they do show the way: there is a divine humility about them, so that they become the means by which the true student might pass beyond and to direct experience — Realization. They start a soul on that path which is "a series of progressive awakenings."

APARTHEID SINCE 1949

ALL humanitarians must feel a deep concern at the crushing out of liberty in South Africa, and a sorrowful question as to what can be done. Apartheid laws are pouring out almost continuously, and the non-governmental International Commission of Jurists, at Geneva, under the presidency of Mr. Vivian Bose, formerly a Judge of the Indian Supreme Court, has called the whole civilized world to condemn the latest apartheid legislation in the strongest terms. *The Guardian* (England) of 23 May 1963 has followed the matter up by presenting a brief elucidation of the discriminatory laws put out since 1949. Comment is unnecessary. Only despair at man's inhumanity and stupidity is left.

The General Law Amendment Acts of 1962 and 1963 empower the President to declare organizations unlawful retrospectively. Persons can also be charged retrospectively for offences connected with such organizations. Even an organization with a similar name can be proclaimed unlawful. Arrest without warrant, onus of proof on the accused person, severity of sentences (even to the death penalty) for sabotage, detention without trial "until this side of eternity," removal of the right of habeas corpus — these are some of the worst features.

The Bantu Laws Amendment Bill 1963 gives official labour bureaus absolute power, as regards jobs and residence, over the seven million Africans in "White areas." No African has any right to remain anywhere, of his own choice, even his own birthplace. His dependants, if "surplus" to the local labour requirements, will be forced to move. There are the Suppression of Communism Act 1950 and the Unlawful Organizations Act 1960, the Criminal Law Amendment Act 1953 (particularly directed against passive resistance) and others which give power to detain suspects indefinitely, to banish without trial, to block interdicts. The three White M.P.s, representing ten million Africans (one million already removed from the common voters' roll) were themselves removed. Marriage between Whites and non-Whites became illegal in 1950; the Group Area Act 1950 tried to group the White, coloured, Indian, and African groups as well as subgroups in officially-decided "ghettos," voluntary association in restaurants, cinemas, etc. between the race groups being prohibited. There is enforced registration of everyone, according to race, however uncertain, and obligatory "passes" (now called "reference books") for all Africans, including women. Bantu education (for which they have to pay fees) is completely under government control. Parents and children have to clean and maintain (and even erect) school buildings. Strikes by Africans are prohibited, as are racially mixed trade unions. Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban Universities are now forbidden to take non-White students. And there are many other examples.

The end of the eighteenth century saw a "Reign of Terror" in France because of discrimination. What will the end of the twentieth century bring in South Africa?

W.E.W.

SHAME AND THE HUMOROUS

[**Mr. Michael Byrom** relates the sense of shame and the sense of humour to the permanent human situation — that of disappointing our expectations of ourselves. He suggests a gradation of humour by its moral significance.—Ed.]

Man, we learn, is born in sin, which is to say he is born imperfect. To be aware of our imperfection is to be ashamed and is to have a sense of sin, which marks the superiority of man over the animals. Now, if the sense of shame varies, so does the sense of humour, and for the same reason; that is, what makes a man laugh determines his position on the scale of moral evolution because a sense of humour is a disguised sense of sin.

Man, at his best, aspires to be more than himself — to be godly; yet because of his spiritual frailty his attempts are perpetually failing. It is this sudden revelation of failure, this unexpected reduction of dignity, that is the essence of the humorous. Laughter expresses a sudden sense of the human condition, which is a sudden sense of sin. Intent upon being sublime, we suddenly find ourselves ridiculous, which is why humour is the perfect antidote to pride and why it can be a menace to decency. It also explains why laughter constitutes a relief from strain.

This is to ascribe a much greater value to the sense of humour than is usual, and the reason why the clown and the humorist are so seldom considered seriously is that the popular sense of humour is as trivial and as unexalted as the popular sense of sin. The profound humorist is as rare as the profound moralist. Most people are fundamentally proud and selfish. Their shame is perfunctory and their humour rudimentary. Neither imperils the ego.

There are five distinct classes of humour, which can be graded according to its place on the scale of moral evolution. Grade 1 has no moral value at all, in fact it is vicious; I give it –2 points on my scale. This is "blue" humour and "sick" humour, obscenity as opposed to vulgarity. The sudden reduction of dignity here (the spark which makes the joke) is the drop from decency to indecency. It is the indulgence of the crudest emotions in the human mind and, except in its subtlest forms, appeals only to the coarsest people, mainly men.

Grade 2 (–1 point) likewise has no moral value and is one of the most popular types of humour. This is common "hate" humour; the sudden drop from dignity to indignity. At its lowest, the laugh is a cruel cry of triumph over another's misfortune; at its mildest, it may be no

more than amusement over some slip of the tongue or mistaken meaning. Slapstick and political cartooning belong to this class, which is basically the art of ridicule. The following is a simple example:

ASTRONAUT: Why did you select me?

SELECTION OFFICER: Because you're the nearest thing to a monkey we could find.

The average sense of shame is really pride (being the loss of it), and the average man is amused mainly by loss of pride or loss of dignity. He is amused by ridicule for ridicule's sake. True, he may laugh at his own shortcomings, but, even so, his standpoint is egoistic and expresses the embarrassed recognition that his own standards have been offended rather than modesty. Again, the uncultivated man who is amused by some manifestation of refinement or intellectualism is asserting his superiority and not the humiliated awareness of his own ignorance. Clergymen, aristocrats, and long-haired violinists are often targets of "hate" humour because they seem undignified or unmanly from the standpoint of common "animal" pride.

Grade 3 is neither immoral nor moral but totally without moral value and thus receives 0 points. This is why it is called "pure" humour. It is utterly meaningless except as an intellectual exercise (it is the sport of the intelligent) or as a synthetic relief from psychic strain. This is the art of the wit and punster; the mechanical contrivance of laughter as being pleasurable in itself. Laughter for laughter's sake; in fact, a form of drunkenness, though the jokes are often ingenious. Like any other form of intoxication, it is apt to be followed by a depressing state of emptiness. This is the humour of irresponsibility, of escape from the stresses and strains of everyday life: in this case, the spark which makes the joke is the drop from reality into fantasy. Example:

MAN TO POLICE INSPECTOR: I've found a body in a ditch.

POLICE INSPECTOR: Well, if it 's not claimed in fourteen days, you can have it.

Animated-cartoon humour belongs to this category (violence immune from injury, suspension of the law of gravity, etc.); also, the popular bedroom comedy (sex without lust, promiscuity with impunity, jealousy without rage). Also, Italian *opera bouffe* (Rossini was a musical wit). It is true that many wits have value as satirists (for example, Oscar Wilde), but in such cases wit is the mere tool in the hand of the satirist and serves to illuminate his point even as he uses the device of ridicule (hate humour).

Example:

She had one of those typically English faces which when once seen is never remembered.

But there is an intermediate stage before humour reaches the exalted level of satire, and that is the stage of "rich" humour or "indulgent" humour. This is Grade 4, which I mark +1, as it constitutes the first manifestation of shame or true humility. "Rich" humour is satirical, but it is not satire, as it is indulgent, not critical. If "hate" humour is laughing at people, "rich" humour is laughing with people. Essentially, the humorist of this class is pleased with the world and with himself, accepting life as it is and people as they are. But he does know what they are, at least to a certain degree. Whereas the "blue" humorist is a man with a dirty mind who is constantly failing to preserve a façade of decency, the "rich" humorist is a man with a sense of shame (or guilt) who is constantly failing to preserve his self-respect (or pride). But his guilt complex is so rudimentary that he is able to exorcise it by treating it as a joke, the joke being the act by which his conscience is "paid off." He is aware of the sinfulness of the human state, but his attitude is, "Let's make the best of it; we're all in it together!" He is not a cynic.

The vulgarity of the "rich" humorist is not, therefore, the indulgence of indecency: it is the expression of disillusionment, the drop from illusion to disillusion. Most of his jokes are wry comments on everyday living and common failings, treating such subjects as marriage, mothers-in-law, children, etc. Examples:

1. "Darling, make me the happiest man in the world . . . Divorce me!"
2. Have you heard what the Chinaman said when they asked him why he had fifteen children? "Me no telly." ("Telly" is short for television.)

It can be seen from the foregoing why argument about what is funny and what is not funny is as futile as ethical controversy; the sense of humour, like the sense of shame, being governed by one's moral development. An average man with an average moral sense will be unable to see why, for instance, it is shameful to use animals for scientific experiment; therefore, to him, such a practice is not immoral. Similarly, the man with an average sense of humour will be unable to see anything funny in certain jokes and situations which amuse a minority and therefore, to him, nothing funny exists. The form of humour to which he is almost totally blind is satire.

Satire is the highest grade of humour (Grade 5, +2 points on my scale) and the only type which openly attacks Pride in all its manifestations. As worldly people are proud, this is only another way of saying that the great satirist, like the great moralist, passes judgement on the human race, finding it wanting. Depending on the temper of his humour (which can cross the borderline between ridicule and misanthropy), the satirist's attitude appears as cruel, cynical, and lacking in "charity" to the ordinary man or woman; yet this characteristic negativity is at its fullest development nothing less than the world-renunciation of the saint. It is only negative in the sense that it recognizes and destroys wickedness and triviality; recognizes and destroys pride and stupidity. As such, it is a positive force for good, because a man's sense of evil is proportionate to his sense of goodness. (If his sense of evil provokes him to the active persecution of evil-doers, this only means that he is wicked, and the great satirist would satirize a fanatical Puritan as mercilessly as he would expose any other form of cruelty.) Sin is the preoccupation of both satirist and saint because denunciation of sin is preoccupation with moral perfection. In the same way, the artist's struggle to create beauty is achieved through a process which is, in fact, the elimination of ugliness. A sculptor is primarily concerned with what is wrong with his statue, which no one could justly call a negative function.

A satirist is, of course, an artist as well as a moralist; this is what differentiates him from a moralist, his artistic weapon being humour, the sense of the absurd. Now, if pride is absurd to the satirist, it follows that humility is not, and, underlying the world's greatest works of satire, the expression of humility can always be found. Their moral value lies not in their outward destruction of pride but in their inward affirmation of virtue. To the proud, pride is virtuous and is not absurd. War is only absurd to the humble (the Chaplin of *Shoulder Arms*); it is not absurd to the warrior. Hypocrisy is only absurd to the truthful (to the Gogol of *The Government Inspector*); it is not absurd to the hypocrite who probably calls it tact, just as the soldier calls brutality bravery.

The weapons of the satirist are wit and ridicule (hate humour), but, as he uses neither irresponsibly, the quality of his humour has a profundity which is lacking in that of the pure wit and the common "hate" humorist. In the hands of the satirist, both wit and ridicule become the means of revelation; the sudden exposure of vice, weakness, and selfishness, which is the drop from pride to humility or from

hate to love.

In the greatest works of satire this moral obsession can become truly religious, by which I mean that the world-hatred may develop into a sense of world illusion, making the satirist a Romantic. There is evidence of such a tendency at the end of Molière's *Misanthrope,* while Voltaire's *Candide* might be summed up in the pregnant phrase, "All is Vanity." The ideal in Chaplin's greatest films is Romantic Love. Thus, in *The Gold Rush,* we find the Lone Prospector (that is, the selfless idealist) pursuing his chaste dream of spiritual love against a background of greed and brutality. Amidst the desperate turmoil of the world, he struggles bravely against poverty and hunger (the result of his unselfishness) and against the pitiless forces of Nature. Why is it so absurdly comic as well as so pitifully tragic? Is the Romantic ideal ridiculous? Never. Is the idealist ridiculous? Yes. As with Molière's Alceste in *The Misanthrope,* the humour consists in Chaplin's awareness of the ludicrous appearance of virtue in the world; the drop from the ideal to the actual. He is not making fun of the idealist, but the latter's behaviour contrasts so oddly with worldly behaviour (especially when attempting to emulate it) that it appears to be absurd, simultaneously exposing the selfishness and hypocrisy of conventional ethics. This is the essence of pathos. At the same time as we laugh, we sympathize; not through indulgence as in Grade 4, but through admiration, indeed through love.

MICHAEL BYROM

Leave the inferior minds and look at man!
Is he, the strong, intelligent and good,
Up to his own conceivable height? Nowise.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THREE GREAT PHILOSOPHICAL TRADITIONS*

COMPARISONS may often be invidious, but, none the less, they are necessary. And, when the task can be accomplished eliminating the invidiousness, the result, as in the present instance, is really valuable. The perspective of this book is determined by the learned author's conviction that, for the comparison of philosophical traditions, philosophy should start with man. From this standpoint, he seeks to present a bird's-eye or aerial view, a general picture, of the Western, the Chinese, and the Indian philosophic traditions as totalities, bringing out the peculiarities of their interests, their achievements, and their shortcomings. No separate section is devoted to Islamic philosophy, as the author considers that that philosophy is alternatively Platonism, Aristotelianism, a mixture of the two, or a union of the two with Neo-Platonism.

Professor Raju's aim is to bring the Eastern and Western minds closer together. He feels intensely that the need for such mutual understanding is no longer a matter of mere intellectual curiosity but actually one of survival itself. He believes that the two can and must be integrated. He declares:

> . . . if the two are to be integrated, we have to assume a deeper soul comprehending the manifest souls of both. This common soul must always have been, without either component being conscious of its presence. The encompassing soul has to be discovered and understood; and in its terms the separate souls have to be reappraised.

The three great traditions have one section devoted to each, and at the end of each there is a summary of general characteristics, the numbered paragraphs of which serve to stress the salient points. Western philosophy is compactly described as the "Struggle for the Liberation of the Outward," Chinese philosophy as concerned with "Human Mindfulness," and the Indian as intent on the "Explication of Inwardness." More specifically and profoundly, Professor Raju says:

> If the Upaniṣadic philosophy started by saying that the Atman, Spirit, first affirmed itself as "I am"; if Western philosophy started with Reason first affirming itself as "I am"; then Chinese philosophy would start with Man affirming himself as "I am." These three are important standpoints for any philosophy of life, necessary for one another in order to present a total picture of life.

The main thesis of the book is that none of the three traditions is self-sufficient, and that there is in each a certain one-sidedness which can be overcome only if they are made to complement and complete one another. In the author's own words:

> The main characteristics of the three traditions are characteristics of life — not of different species of life, but of the same species placed in cultural situations posing disparate problems.

This is the gist of the short General Introduction which precedes the sections devoted to the exposition of the three great traditions; and this is what is made out in greater elaboration in the last and longest section, entitled "Comparisons and Reflections." In this final section, which, in a sense, is the most original, critical, and constructive part of the whole work, the author

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**Introduction to Comparative Philosophy*. By P. T. RAJU. (University of Nebraska Press, U.S.A. 364 pp. 1962. $7.50)

deals with what he holds to be the guiding principles in the evaluation of traditions, and the aims and subject-matter of, and approaches to, comparative philosophy. He also offers a detailed critique of the views of Albert Schweitzer regarding the three traditions, following the lines of reply adopted by Dr. Radhakrishnan in his *Eastern Religions and Western Thought* and completing them.

Professor Raju's assessment of the fundamental values of the three types of philosophy is essentially just and fair-minded. The temptation to go into details of the presentation has, however, to be resisted. While admiring the boldness and variety of the Western philosophical approaches, and their remarkable achievements in the physical sciences as well as the humanistic disciplines, he doubts whether the methods which have been so successful in handling the outer world could at all be applied to the inner world. In fact he questions the justification of completely separating the outward from the inward, and says that the weak point of the West is the tendency to treat the subject and object as if they were two disjoined realities.

As regards the peculiar Chinese contribution, it is stated to lie in the bold step of founding ethics on human nature as it appeared at its best. The great Tao itself is described as

> the highly idealized nature of man, understood not as an abstraction, but as a concrete, creative dynamic force constitutive of and contributing to the joy of life's being when life runs smoothly.

What China needs is said to be a persistent effort to think out systematically to the extreme both the inward and the outward in order to discover the roots of man's being in both directions, since man belongs at the balancing point of the two directions.

Today, it looks as if the great ideals of ancient China are under a permanent eclipse in their native land. So it is a moot point to what extent they will be available for influencing the modern world at large. Professor Raju does not deal with this; he seems to assume that the sway of the old ideals is still vital. But it does not appear to be so. Professor Liu Wu-Chi (by no means a Communist), settled in the U.S.A., describes in his book, *A Short History of Confucian Philosophy*, the failure of certain recent attempts to put Confucius back on his feet again:

> But as it is, the hope for the revival of Master K'ung proves to be ephemeral both in the world of men and ideas — an afterglow soon to disappear behind the Western mountains. . . . It is indeed epoch-making that the greatest idol humanity has ever built should now be in the process of being dethroned, if not broken.

Indeed the writer thinks that the net result of this "debunking" (his own word!) is all to the good, and that the ancient *Ju* dogma that had dominated Chinese thought for the last twenty-five centuries "has already spent its strength and served its purpose." If that is so, one cannot but bemoan the tragedy of the Chinese people who have cut themselves adrift from their roots. It is not their misfortune alone but of all mankind too.

Professor Raju is of the opinion that the contribution of Indian philosophy lies in the recognition of the autonomy of the spiritual life. He emphasizes that its reality

> does not depend upon our success or failure to explain the relation of spirit to mind, life and matter. The recognition of its reality is prior to its explanation.

According to him, what India urgently needs is a revival of the elemental activism of the Vedas and the Mīmāmsā, and a reconciliation of the latter with the Vedānta, discarding those parasitic outgrowths which have enfeebled her general outlook. Further, Indian philosophy should provide a metaphysical foundation for the social

sense. He is convinced that, starting with respect for the practical life, a healthy mysticism could be developed; but, starting from mysticism, it would be impossible to cultivate respect for the practical life, as experience has shown.

The book is well got up, and the topics systematically arranged. There is, however, considerable, perhaps inevitable, overlapping of ideas. Sometimes, there is repetition in almost identical words, e.g., the references to Gauḍapāda on pp. 184 and 221. A few slips occur which, in a less scholarly work, could well be ignored. Thus "Wittgenstein," which is spelt thus correctly in the Index, is printed as "Witgenstein" on pp. 76, 77. The transliteration of a few Sanskrit terms needs rectification: *Smārtha* on p. 176 ought to be *Smārta*; and *prajña* on p. 208 should be *prājña*. Again, Footnote 40 on p. 79 has to be verified, because the *Spandakārikā* is not a work of Utpalācārya, nor is he credited with having written any commentary on it. In the total perspective, however, these petty defects are altogether negligible, and do not detract from the merits of this most valuable study.

A word in closing: the author's viewpoint is avowedly anthropocentric, and he does not seem seriously to question the validity of the current scientific cosmology. But, if, as the author himself hints, the subject and the object cannot be finally kept apart, then basic human experience must have dimensions which science might ignore, but philosophy cannot afford to. Besides, it is obvious that the notion of the "self" cannot be limited to man's waking life, but has to be expanded so as to include the dream and deep-sleep aspects. The implications are far-reaching, and open up new (old) vistas: *Lokas*. Time-honoured concepts like *Karma* and rebirth are invested with a vital significance. We dimly sense the possibility of an all-embracing law which includes in its sweep man as well as his universe. Such was the *Ṛta* of the Vedic seers, which was semantically and etymologically identical with the *Tao* of China, and the *Asha* of ancient Iran. Except on the foundation of such a concept, the notion of sacrifice (*Yajña*) becomes trivial and puerile. We may note that Śankara himself never cared to deny the efficacy (*Arthakriyākāritva*) of *Yajña* on its own level. No understanding of any ancient philosophy is possible except in terms of this concept, and of its reality. With its due recognition, the philosopher will give up his "precarious dance on the single-rope of humanity" to use Tagore's pregnant phrase. Man (*Nara*) will be replaced in his cosmic setting, and will become *Vaiśvānara*.

Professor Raju, with his range, insight, and sensitiveness, is surely aware of all this. If he has not said as much explicitly in this book, it can only be because it did not quite fit in with his present purpose. He quotes with approval the statement of Professor Francisco Romero that the symbol of destiny for India is "All"; for China "We"; and for the West "I." If the first is true, we need not go into the justice of the other two characterizations. Identification with any particular tradition should not come in the way of independent recognition of the truth. Is it not then at once evident that the true and permanent integration of humanity is possible only on the basis of the "All"? *Sarvam khalvidam brahma*!

K. GURU DUTT

THE ART OF BEING*

THERE must be many people, now in their middle years, for whom Mr. Fausset has been for some decades one of their prophets, his writings a touchstone which tests their understanding, a lodestar leading them towards a deeper understanding. In *Fruits of Silence,* which he describes as studies in the art of being, he assumes the prophet's mantle (though it is not clear who was his Elijah) rather more openly than he has sometimes done: he has had his vision, and is bound to share it with us, whatever the difficulties of communicating the essentially incommunicable.

He would not claim to be the only contemporary prophet to tell us that we are a doomed experiment of the Creator's if we do not at this point in our evolution turn from the outward activities which we call "the conquest of nature," and concentrate instead upon the inward self-conquest which is at the same time Self-realization and the assumption of our birthright as spiritual beings. We *know* too much; we *are* too little. We have gained the whole world, and lost our own soul.

Some might say that it is already too late for Western man to take this further step, even granted that it is inherently possible to him; that there is now no escape from the collapse of his civilization in a series of annihilating catastrophies of which the atomic bomb is the symbol and probably the instrument. Civilizations have come to an end before; it appears to be their nature to plant and nourish the seeds of their own destruction. Meanwhile, and in spite of this, civilizations are the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace vouchsafed to man: his civilizations arise from the light within him, as they fall by the failure of that light.

One of the implications of Mr. Fausset's new book is that by the discovery of his real or spiritual nature man may at once transcend his historical time and redeem his civilization from the impending holocaust. Mr. Fausset is perhaps too hopeful if (as we are inclined to think) he supposes that Western man as a whole can take this leap into the dark: in such matters all men have neither equal capacities nor equal opportunities; and the leap into the dark is the leap into individual consciousness which is ultimately Illumination itself.

Mr. Fausset examines, as others have done in the last urgent decades, various steps on various Ways to enhanced consciousness and the redemptive wisdom it brings: Yoga and the depth psychology of Jung among them. In the background of what he has to say stand the shadowy figures of Steiner, Gurdjieff, Nicoll, and other teachers; but the implication seems to be (and perhaps it is rather a dangerous one) that a man can be his own teacher, his own guide into the coming Epoch of the Spirit.

Here and elsewhere it may be thought that Mr. Fausset makes too many assumptions. Like all prophets he has his dogmatic moments, and does not stop to explain (for instance, his theory of the psychic and spiritual bodies of man), or to define (so that he uses far too loosely the vexed word "love," which has, alas, no meaning in the Age of Freud). But such small faults detract little from the excellence of this book as a whole, certain chapters of which ("Living and Dying" is among them) are statements of the greatest insight and understanding, made in a prose the beauty of which is itself remarkable.

Fruits of Silence is a book from which each of us must select what is

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**Fruits of Silence: Studies in the Art of Being.* By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. (Abelard-Schuman, London. 224 pp. 1963. 21*s.*)

to his purpose; for the purpose is in all cases the same, and Mr. Fausset's own: the awakening of human consciousness in the redemption of eternity from time, of reality from illusion. With that purpose, it may be, catastrophe itself cannot ultimately interfere.

R. H. WARD

Krishna: A Study in the Theory of Avatars. By BHAGAVAN DAS. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 202 pp. 1962. Rs. 2.00)

Bharata Ratna Dr. Bhagavan Das was one of the outstanding intellectuals of the first half of this century. To a profound study and intimate understanding of the scriptures of Hinduism he brought a modern mind fully informed in the best thought of the age, with a passion to synthesize the best of the ancient with modern Knowledge. In this great achievement he found in the ancient sacred literature of India a sure ground for reconciling the contradictions of the modern age and a valuable guide in the solution of several vexing problems. His books reveal the depth of his scholarship and the valuable insight acquired by him during a long lifetime of assiduous study and mature reflection.

The present work gives us in a handy form some of the most valuable contributions of the author's rich mind and may be said to constitute a useful summary of his own special outlook on fundamental questions of philosophy, psychology, sociology, and religion. Taking Shri-Krishna as a supreme example of a *Pūrṇa Avatāra* (Perfect Incarnation), the learned author analyses various types of *avatāras*, points out their place in human history, the broad functions discharged by them as makers of history, their part in human life as men of action, as men of emotion and devotion, and as men of knowledge and Teachers of humanity. The wealth of erudition revealed in expounding these themes is truly astounding. More and more readers should ponder over and get stimulated by works of this kind.

With due respect to the revered author it must be pointed out that Dr. Bhagavan Das's writings have the effect of fatiguing the reader. His favourite mannerism of piling up alternative terms for every concept, which is something of an etymological predilection, and his frequent footnotes, which though absorbingly interesting in themselves, break into the current of thinking, making it difficult for the reader to follow the thread of the main argument — are some features which have baffled the less serious-minded readers. Once a reader learns to accommodate himself to these peculiarities, however, nothing but the highest intellectual stimulation is in store for him.

The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has rendered valuable service in making the thoughts of this great thinker and savant available to the general reader.

D. GURUMURTI

Greek Myths and Christian Mystery. By HUGO RAHNER. Trs. from German by BRIAN BATTERSHAW. With a Foreword by E. O. JAMES. (Burns and Oates, London. xxii+399 pp. Illustrated. 1963. 63*s*.)

Ever since St. John took soundings in contemporary religions in order to present the Gospel to men of the Greco-Roman world at the end of the first century there have been Christian apologists who have not feared or scorned to invite men to look at Christianity through their own religious beliefs, ideas, and cultus. It is not very long since the Greek Mysteries loomed

larger not only in Christian argument but in Christian interpretation than perhaps the facts warranted. As so often happens the pendulum swung to the other extreme to make the break between Christianity and the religions complete. There are signs that current thinking is moving back to a more central position, especially in regard to the living religions of the East. One of the scholars responsible for this healthy reaction is Professor E. O. James, who contributes a perceptive and appreciative Foreword to this English translation of essays by a distinguished German Jesuit, Fr. Rahner.

The fact that seven large and disparate essays are here collected does not make the reviewer's task easy. Nor is he greatly helped by the three-part setting of "Mysterion"; "The Healing of the Soul"; and "Holy Homer" (dealing with Christian symbolism derived from the Odyssey). He turns with relief, as may the reader from the beginning, to the long Epilogue wherein Fr. Rahner recapitulates the course and moments of the spiritual trail along which he has been leading his readers in order that we may "try and touch this thing of which the longing of Greek and Christian humanists sought to lay hold — the naked beauty of truth." Once we grasp and indeed are grasped by the dominant concept and purpose the diverse material with which the theme is so richly illustrated makes a clear pattern.

Even those who cannot follow the author to his Christian conclusions will derive no small profit and delight from the journey. Wide vistas of beauty and truth are opened and the imagination kindled. The thoroughness of German scholarship is here expressed with rare felicity and the author is well served by his translator. It is good to salute and commend a modern work not unworthy of a place in the tradition of Clement and Erasmus.

MARCUS WARD

The Way Within: A Book of Psychological Documentaries. By WYATT RAWSON. With an Introduction by KENNETH WALKER. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. 169 pp. 1963. 25*s.*)

This book describes some of the constructive changes in life which can be brought about by an understanding of dreams. The author describes the problems of a number of ordinary people and shows how, by discussing their dreams at small group meetings these people came to understand something of their subconscious minds, and, with this understanding, to live more harmonious and integrated lives. The book contains almost no technical psychological terms; for it is the author's intention that it should be understood by all who might benefit from it.

Wyatt Rawson studied psychology and philosophy at Cambridge at the time of the 1914-18 war, but much of his life has been spent in teaching and education — in practical rather than academic psychology. He has been closely acquainted with P. W. Martin, and the influence of the latter's methods of psychology in depth is apparent in this book. Rawson describes in some detail the methods used in the small groups with which he has worked, and stresses the need for individuals. He describes the seeming failures which often occurred, and shows the need for tolerance and patience in the work. The author is modest about his own role in the groups, but one cannot help feeling that his wisdom contributed much to the results. This book demonstrates unconsciously the love and humility which prompts one man to serve his fellows; it is well worth reading for that reason alone, quite apart from the help it gives in dream interpretation.

PHYLLIS G. CROFT

The Indomitable Sardar: A Political Biography of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. By KEWAL L. PANJABI. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty, Bombay. 234 pp. 10 Photographs. 1962. Rs. 15.00)

Shri Vallabhbhai Jhavarbhai Patel (1875-1950), Bar-at-Law, Minister of States and Home Affairs, a man of iron will, was a *patidar*, a *patriot* and a *politician*. A *patidar*, literally the owner of a strip of land, belongs to a stock of farmers with noble traditions of honour, prestige, common sense, and blunt speech. He enjoyed distinction as if by right in everything that he attempted, whether as a *taluka* lawyer, or a flourishing barrister in Ahmedabad City or a follower of Gandhiji, or a member of the Congress national movement. He used to wear neat suits of European cut till he came under the influence of Gandhiji, whose doctrines of non-violence, satyagraha, and non-resistance appealed to him at once; and he joined Gandhiji in all movements for the country. A man of few words, accustomed to deep inward thinking, he was a good judge of men, and a good soldier and a fighter in his individual capacity; while as a strong administrator he was also a strategist of the highest order. With Gandhiji he believed in "Truth above all"; but he also preached and practised "India above all." He never minced matters; his decisions were quick and sound and were carried out before there was time to argue about them. During the times of stress and strain after the Partition, he rallied the officers of the Government of India by declaring himself their protector against all the calumnies that they were subjected to by the public on the one hand, and the politicians in the Parliament on the other.

Shri Panjabi has rendered great service to the nation by the successful rendering of the great story of a national hero, who has been much misunderstood on account of his frank and simple words. He has selected all the important incidents in the political history of the country from 1915, when Gandhiji landed in India from South Africa, through the story of Non-Co-operation. The Chapters on "Suba of Gujarat," "King of Borsad," "Bardoli Struggle," "President of the Congress" and "Quit India Movement" provide interesting descriptions of the nation's fight for freedom.

The tact, efficiency, and thoroughness with which he managed the Bardoli Satyagraha against over-assessment of land revenue brought Vallabhbhai the title of "Sardar." The indomitable will which he brought to bear upon settling the problems of Partition and of the Union of 554 States into a strong nation; the deliberate firmness with which the Nizam and the Razakars were brought into the Union — are all landmarks in the movement for the Union of India, which have brought immortality to Vallabhbhai.

With an unparalleled quickness of decision in negotiations, a capacity of differentiating between the essential and non-essential and above all an unswerving patriotism and a determined will, Vallabhbhai became a nation-builder whose life will remain a permanent landmark for all students of history.

The author deserves great credit for performing his difficult task in contemporary history in a manner which is both fair and fascinating, and so also the publishers for the excellent get-up of the book within a reasonable price.

P. G. SHAH

The Axis and the Rim: The Quest for Reality in a Modern Setting. By ARTHUR W. OSBORN. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. 203 pp. 1963. 25*s*.)

The author is anxious to mark the difference between what he describes as the rim and the axis in religion. The rim is conceptualized religion, developed

in all the organized forms of religion. He describes very fairly these forms and leaves the reader to make up his own opinion about them. Whether the author reaches to the heart of the matter is doubtful. He obviously thinks that the organized religions are not necessary for what he regards as the full religious experience, indeed that they may retard it; yet they must be created around it somewhere, and it is a question whether a demonstration of their deficiencies rather than the effort to lay bare their inner life is more helpful for living at the axis.

This Mr. Osborn finds in living in the eternal now. This involves the individual lifting himself out of the past and the future, and finding the sum of things in a present that loses itself in the transcendent.

Again this experience is described with quite controlled discipline, but the reviewer wonders whether the author is being really true to his own vision by, as it were, merely placing the facts before the reader and asking him to make up his own mind. If more of Mr. Osborn's own passion came across one reader at least would have been more moved.

E. G. Lee

Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences. By Walter Franklin Prince. (University Books, New York. x+336 pp. Frontispiece. 1963. $10.00)

If you were chatting with a stranger, and, the talk chancing to take an "odd things in my life" turn, you asked him whether he had ever had "an ESP experience," he might query the term itself as one unusual in his verbal currency. If you then gave the term in full — "extra-sensory perception," of course — it is very probable he would reply with a "Well . . . yes. . . . One day . . ." and would proceed to describe, say, a "hunch" he had once had of impending danger, and which he was certain had saved him from injury or worse; or aver that he had seen some friend or relative after that person's death; or, possibly, speak of a believed-to-be-telepathic experience; or something or other that would come under the general and very extensive heading of psychic, or paranormal, happenings.

That kind of response would be very likely, because it would be difficult in a day's march not to meet quite a battalion of people who had some sort of "I cannot explain it" tale to tell. But all those people would be unknown to you. They might be reliable folk and accurate observers, or they might not be: you would have no means of telling.

If, however, the testifiers were eminent, even famous, people? Well, there would be no guarantee that *they* (or some of them) had not been mistaken, or deceived, concerning what they believed they saw or heard or encountered; but at least they are *names*, people of known reputation and quality, and their words, therefore, would be calculated to carry more weight than would those of the "unknowns," who "might be anybody."

Dr. Prince, a man who devoted many years to the investigation of psychic phenomena, and whose resultant attitude was anything but uncritical and credulous, collected ostensibly paranormal stories told by, or about, many well-known men and women, and here they are in this book. The deponents — actually some 170 of them — are, or were, men of science; statesmen and diplomats; writers and poets (e.g., Dickens, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Ben Jonson); artists, musicians. We may take our pick — practically all the professions and avocations are represented.

One reads the accounts and forms his own judgements. Wherever the truth may lie in any particular case, this is a very readable book, and, no doubt, because of the standing of the witnesses, many a general reader who comes more

or less freshly to a consideration of "the occult," will be given furiously to think.

One rather curious aspect of the work is that although its constituent material was copyrighted as long ago as 1928, it has only now been published, almost thirty years after the author's (the compiler's) death. The reason for this long delay may not matter, but one would have thought it would have occurred naturally to the publishers to mention it.

CHARLES J. SEYMOUR

Mediums of the 19th Century. By FRANK PODMORE. Introduction by E. J. DINGWALL. (University Books, Inc., New York. Vol. 1: xxviii+307 pp.; Vol. 2: x+374 pp. 1963. Two volumes, slipcased: $20.00)

This book is considered one of the classics in its field. It originally appeared at the very beginning of the century, and is now brought out in handsome format with an introductory biography by Dr. E. J. Dingwall, himself a member of the Society for Psychical Research, of which Podmore was a leading light in his day.

Podmore began, in youth, as a believer in the spiritualistic theories, but later changed his ideas, and sought for an explanation in naturalistic causes (he accepted telepathy as valid), or else in fraud or hallucination. In fact, he "used jokingly to describe himself as skeptic-in-chief to the Society for Psychical Research." He was perhaps the foremost historian in this subject. His critical tone is generally fair-minded, even though one must admit that his skeptic bias led him occasionally into inaccuracy or into ignoring awkward evidence or objections, "a charge which can," writes Dr. Dingwall, "at times be substantiated."

Nevertheless, his accumulation of evidence and of historical facts in the book makes it of interest, however much one regrets the perpetuation in it of certain errors and condemnatory misstatements. If it is read with caution as to this bias, the amount of information that has been gathered can be appreciated. Chapters on sixteenth-seventeenth-century occultism and witchcraft, "magnetic medicine," mesmerism and "spiritual healings," clairvoyance, poltergeist manifestations, somnambulism and seership, and so on, introduce the more expanded treatment of spiritualism in the U.S.A. and then in Britain from the 1850's. A mass of detail is gathered about well-known mediums of his day (though Podmore himself did not take part in experiments with them). One notes with approval his warning about the danger of cultivating "automatism" or physical mediumship, and his summing-up shows the open-mindedness mentioned. He considered the evidence for transcendental faculties as yet insufficient, and so confused by manifestations attributable to trickery or misinterpretation as to be of little value. But past history had equally shown the folly of the "superstition of incredulity" by reason of which science had contemptuously rejected for generations what it had finally been forced to admit.

> . . . . even the extravagances of mysticism may contain a residuum of unacknowledged and serviceable fact. We must not . . . throw away the baby with the water from the bath.

L. MARR

Shakespeare's Ovid. ARTHUR GOLDING's translation of the *Metamorphoses*. Edited by W. H. D. ROUSE. (Centaur Press, London. 321 pp. 1961. £5 5*s*.)

Whether Shakespeare was a classical "scholar" or not, he was certainly acquainted with Ovid's *Metamorphoses* in the original and knew it rather more

intimately in Arthur Golding's metrical translation that first appeared in 1567. In Shakespeare's time, the Latin course in the Stratford Grammar School was heavy, and the vigorous Elizabethan system of schooling produced (in Professor A. Nicoll's words) "more competent Latinists than most universities do today." With his grip of the *Metamorphoses,* Shakespeare found his way to the heart of Latin speech and modes of feeling and thought, and as Francis Meres said in 1578, "the witty soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." If, as is likely, Shakespeare was for a time "a schoolmaster in the country" teaching Latin to his pupils, his early efforts — *The Comedy of Errors* (an adaptation of two of Plautus's comedies), *Titus Andronicus* (with its Senecan touches) and, above all, *Venus and Adonis* with its clear Ovidian touches — seem to be almost a pedagogue's occupational diversions. There is of course Ben Jonson's remark that Shakespeare knew "small Latin and less Greek." Was it merely an egotistical aside, insinuating his own superior classical scholarship, or was it rather an objective appraisal? Even a modern scholar like Professor J. A. K. Thomson is inclined to agree more with Ben Jonson than with Aubrey and Beeston, or (coming to our own times) with Smart and Peter Alexander. Thomson indeed declares that Shakespeare got most of his classical mythology from the *Metamorphoses* — but the question is: from the original, or only from Golding? Anyhow, Shakespeare knew Ovid very well at least from Golding, and a copy of the original *Metamorphoses,* now in the Bodleian, is supposed to have belonged once to Shakespeare. It is thus fortunate that Golding's translation should be made available to us once again. The present volume is a reprint of Dr. Rouse's edition of 1904, and since the spelling is not modernized, there is a quaintly Elizabethan feel about the book. We can now lose ourselves in this Elizabethan Ovid — "Shakespeare's Ovid" — and mark with surprise the many echoes of Ovid's fancies (and Golding's phrases) in Shakespeare's plays. No doubt, if the early Shakespeare was lustily Ovidian, the mature Shakespeare came more under the influence of Plutarch (again in translation) who led the dramatist to Julius Caesar; and the play *Julius Caesar* led to *Hamlet,* and the great tragedies. Going beyond Ovid to Plutarch, from the Latin to the Greek spirit, Shakespeare became a great classicist after all, though after a fashion uniquely his own.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

Burmese Proverbs. By Hla Pe. (The Wisdom of the East Series. John Murray, London. 114 pp. 1962. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Once in a restaurant in Rangoon a waiter inadvertently spilt soup over me. "It doesn't matter," I said, pretending to be unperturbed. Apparently he did not understand me, for he rushed off to fetch the manager to offer his apologies. Meanwhile my neighbour at the table tipped me some advice. "The manager is a Chinese," he whispered, "and when he comes here use a Chinese proverb. Tell him, 'If the old doesn't go, the new won't come,' and see what happens." I did as I was told, and the effect was simply magical. The manager beamed with delight, so did the waiter; the kitchen-hands — who were all Chinese — came to smile and bow at me. I was treated as a hero, an honourable person who did not lack "*li*" — the art of courtesy. But by the time the joyous hubbub had subsided my neighbour was gone and I never knew the mystery of the allusion in the saying, "If the old doesn't go, the new won't come."

Now, thanks to Mr. Hla Pe's admirable volume, allusions to the most frequent Burmese proverbs are available

to all. Burmese proverbs number several thousands and the book presents a judicious selection, conveniently classified. It has been sponsored by UNESCO and the Government of Burma. Its compiler is a scholar who combines academic qualities with a keen sense of humour. It is a book which will delight the student of the Burmese as well as the general reader. It helps one to understand why the Burmese judge a man by his knees and his forehead, and many other things besides. A charming volume for understanding Burmese character through Burmese proverbs.

SUDHIN GHOSE

Facets of Indian Culture. By R. SRINIVASAN. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 271 pp. 1962. Rs. 2.00; 3*s*. 6*d*.; 90 cents)

This is a collection of occasional papers and articles composed by Professor R. Srinivasan during a lifetime of scholarship and intellectual labour. Professor Srinivasan is a well-known figure in South India, noted for his discriminating interest in and enthusiasm for the fine arts. He is at his best when he writes on music. Being proficient in the art, he has provided detailed information on the various aspects of musicology with certain characteristic touches of his own. His interest as a lifelong professor of Mathematics lies in Music as a form of yoga, and his study of Saint Tyagaraja and of the relation of melody to the highest spiritual realization is of fascinating interest. The great occult truth that sound is seen as form in the higher worlds and that when a musician sings in ecstasy he can see the form of his *Ishta-devata*, as happened in the case of Saint Tyagaraja, is well brought out.

Professor Srinivasan's thoughts on the place of art in education, the value of the drama and music as purifiers of the emotions, and his experiences as playwright and actor and as a *Hari-katha* performer of high quality make valuable reading. One comes into contact with a rich and cultivated mind and the learned author throws considerable light on many topics of absorbing interest.

A word may be added regarding the printing. While it is up to the standard of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, in their anxiety to keep a fairly long book within the usual size, they have used a smaller type, which is rather a strain for the general reader.

D. GURUMURTI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[YOUTH and PERFUMES in France are **Shri Baldoon Dhingra**'s two themes, distinct, yet juxtaposed with a subtle aptness.—ED.]

I SUPPOSE I am not, like many wanderers I know, a Hungry Traveller, content to journey in haste — any place, any time, any hour — gobbling one scene after another, nibbling at this monument, munching that museum. My digestive system responds ill to such a bill of fare.

My lecture tours in Lausanne, Geneva, Belgrade, Ljubljana, Munich, Brunswick, were, for the most part, like *hors d'œuvres varies*, appetizing. I had the impression of behaving, as I addressed meetings and groups, like a food-taster, sampling one dish after another, with a smack of the lips, appreciatively. But I am, with regard to food, one with those who hold that the

least seasoned of dishes, cooked with care, is the most delicious, once the palate has been attuned to delicate and subtle natural flavours, or else one could, like many a gourmand, flood *les cœurs d'artichauds* with tomato ketchup.

Yet even with such swift travelling as I did I garnered many tales and came across so many helpful people whose rough exteriors would have suggested otherwise. Above all, I was interested in meeting and talking to the young and finding out their approach to various problems.

I have personally never encountered much difficulty talking to students and discussing with them their most intimate problems. The response of the younger generation to almost any problem today is immediate, because uninhibited. What makes a dialogue with them difficult is that older people talk at them and seldom, if ever, with them — whereas a dialogue between the two generations becomes, I think, increasingly imperative. It is a spirit of inquiry which, to use a phrase of Gilbert Murray (I quote from memory) never dogmatizes, but always approaches truth by a dialogue, an argument between different points of view, and almost always leaves at the end some doubt, some feeling that although we have got deeper we have not quite reached the complete truth.

I experience little difficulty in discussing all manner of topics with the young, and in earning their confidence; for I always feel that at every step I am learning something new. I am not sure I could, during my short visit to Yugoslavia and Germany — my inadequate German was one reason; time was another — reach the young of those countries. My close contacts with the youth of today — in the West, that is — are restricted largely to students from Great Britain, the United States, and France. This is because I have been and am frequently in the company of young people from these parts of the world. In general the teenagers do not take kindly to the over-thirty-fives. Often they refer to them as *les cronlants* (crumbling with age)!

The French teenagers have come to realize, however, that they stand apart as a group. This country, like every other, has had its taste of juvenile violence, exuberant hair styles and the swinging of bicycle chains. But the other day at the Place de la Nation a strange event — strange for Paris — happened. Over a hundred and fifty thousand under-twenties went wild to the rhythms of their young heroes, performing in the open air for a commercial radio programme. The Paris police warned against the dangers of "collective hypnosis" and the frenzied, syncopated, violent rhythms, which had the same intoxicating effects as alcohol and drugs. They even went on to say that the current teenage behaviour compares with the mass hysteria of the rallies of Nazi Germany. And *Le Monde*, France's leading paper, has just published two well-documentated articles on the phenomenon, in which a sociologist groped for an explanation in the suppression of adolescent fears of growing up. The writer looking for a French equivalent of "teenager" suggests *"les decagenaires."*

This awakening is new in France, and French businessmen have been quicker on the uptake than sociologists. They have been publishing studies on the teenage market and declare that the adolescent is no longer an integral part of the family; and what is more, he has a good deal of money to spend. The amount that the three or four million "teenagers" in France spend is staggering. The purchases include, of course, the usual status symbols — transistor radios and record players.

Song hits by the young sell like hot cakes. Fashions too have been affected. Gone, it appears, is the dishevelled look; instead the "chic" type has been introduced. And, what is surprising, umbrellas: nearly four and a half

million were sold last year, mostly to "teenagers." Shirts with the current salutation: *"Salut, Les Copains"* (Hullo, chaps) have become universal. A radio programme, each evening, from 5 to 6.30, called *"Salut, Les Copains"* has become most popular. Even a magazine of this title has a circulation of over a million. The Communist party, too, has tried to benefit from this "wave," and has brought out a weekly teenage magazine called *Nous les garçons et les filles* — "We Boys and Girls" — a title suggested by a song of that name by a nineteen-year-old girl.

There are a few young writers but not many. Françoise Sagan has an appeal for the middle-aged, but Albert Camus is still, to a considerable extent, a hero. Camus has never lost his appeal to young or old, and in this respect his *Carnets* or "Notebooks," 1935-42, are important. Young writers have not forgotten his extravagant kindness and his willingness to answer their questions, extend aid to their projects, and lend his name to their small enterprises Three of his books are still almost required reading for the young. At least a good many have read *The Stranger* and *The Plague,* if not also *The Myth of Sisyphus.*

It is apparent that his illness led him to his views on the Absurd, forced him to construct a system that permitted him to confront his predicament and go on living despite his awareness of the power of death.

Perhaps it is this that explains his continuing appeal to the young. Whatever its origin, his personal problem is the predicament of all mankind. In the teeth of threats of human annihilation, a growing reaction to the senselessness of modern conflicts, and a widely held despair at the seemingly aimless direction of contemporary existence, Camus's work seems an expression of the people's greatest fears and only hope.

Youth everywhere is rebellious — a very natural thing. The only way to understand them is to be a rebel yourself; otherwise, the gulf between one generation and the next will get wider and wider.

The other day I received a perfumed letter from Dior, a well-known French perfume house. A publicity stunt, of course, but it has succeeded in winning more buyers. And it encouraged me, for the fun of it, to listen to Guerlain's speech.

He started off by telling his audience of great men in history: Richelieu, who installed a hidden device in his reception room which blew perfumed air; Bolivar, who poured a gallon of perfume over himself each day, and Madame de Pompadour, who used to eat perfumed candies to have sweet-smelling breath.

Guerlain next spoke about the flowers used in the last century. He spoke about *enfleurage,* a process of extracting perfumes by exposing absorbents such as fixed oils to the exhalations of the flowers. He next turned to the tools of the industry in the past and today. Now, for instance, the process of *enfleurage* has been succeeded by the industrial technique of extraction by volatile solvents. No great perfume exists which does not contain a product of the chemical family, and without chemistry the perfume industry would not enjoy the vogue it now does on all world markets. It is thanks to synthetic aromatics that one is today able to reproduce the smell of all the flowers. Guerlain insisted that France was in the lead so far as perfumes were concerned. Why? The answer: the country's Mediterranean coastline and its incomparable floral riches. And then the former French colonies supply the country with top-quality raw materials. And finally, he said, France possessed what no other country could boast of — taste. The perfumier has it; for he is the specialist whose sense of smell is particularly delicate and highly trained. He detects that among the many essences there are a number of harmonies for which there

are no written rules. Like a painter's palette he has in front of him his rack of flasks. His art consists entirely of finding pleasant combinations among the many smells. The artist is inspired by accidental blends in his laboratory, sometimes by the remembrance of one or more smells encountered in the street which he has found pleasant. He has jotted in his notebook what he thinks the smells are made of, and in the laboratory he tries them out. It is a hard trade, Guerlain insists, demanding tenacity, memory, a long training of the sense of smell, and of course natural good taste; it is a trade taught nowhere. And one more thing — let us not forget about the bottles: perfume makers think their wares would lose half their fascination if they were not displayed or packed attractively.

BALDOON DHINGRA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

One of the hopeful signs of the age is the number of groups trying to establish, in different fields, some basis for unity and peace among the peoples of the world. Yet another such group recently searching for ways and means comprises 2,000 lawyers, representing 105 different countries, who held their inaugural conference during the first week of July 1963 at Athens, Greece. The theme that drew them together was "World Peace Through the Rule of Law" and they have proclaimed their conviction that the rule of law must be — and eventually will be — accepted by all States and persons. They hold to the principle of self-determination, as defined by the U.N. Charter, and to the right of each individual to "effective legal protection of fundamental and inalienable human rights without distinction as to race, religion, or belief." Believing thus that "law must replace force," they propose to inaugurate a law centre where lawyers from all parts of the world can work together for the cause of peace. It is true that legislation simply in itself gives no unassailable basis for union — there are always loopholes for cunning and self-interest. But inasmuch as laws represent the demands of public opinion, and help to raise the level and tone of that opinion, in support of reforms, the community gains immeasurably from the stability of order.

The aggregate of all such sincere efforts by the many existing groups, with their varying interests and capacities, must bear fruit in time. One can also include in it such projects as the survey of history textbooks used in British and American secondary schools that is now being made, in order to check nationalistic bias, whether conscious or unconscious. This is being carried out by members of the American Historical Association, the Historical Association of England and Wales, and the British Association of American Studies. The Ford Foundation and the Nuffield Trust have given grants of nearly £10,000 for the work. The attempt to correct bias in history teaching is part too of the regular activity of the Council of Christians and Jews, in Britain, and there must be many others constructively engaged in this work of re-education for world understanding.

At the Commonwealth Universities Congress, held at the end of July 1963, Sir Malcolm Knox, Principal of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, gave a welcome to the Vice-Chancellors of over a hundred of these universities, honorary degrees being conferred on several of them.

He made a vital point about the present threat to the academic ideal. Attendance at a university should not be treated as a status symbol, to be acquired by anyone with minimum qualifications. It should be for those really dedicated to following their own subject. Technological Institutions have

> to equip their students to cope with the known. Our task in the universities is to encourage that critical temper which alone will enable its possessor to cope with the unknown. (*Guardian* 22 July 1963)

We can add to this the point brought out by the anonymous "John O' London" in *Time and Tide* (25-31 July 1963) that creative genius does not depend on locality, and that, despite the present cult of "Travel Abroad," a writer may still remain parochial, even though actually living abroad.

> I am not even inclined to the view that extensive foreign travel is of much value to the creative writer. If it is overdone it is a positive liability. . . . What matters and what is ultimately of value lies in the mind and the imagination.

In the top-rank Sunday press, the writers of the regular travel features are bemoaning the flood of "tourists" (and those who cater for their demands) who have spoilt, or are rapidly spoiling, the quiet beauty spots and the natural simplicity of villages on the coasts and hitherto secluded spots of Europe and far beyond. With this too has come a deterioration in character of the people of such communities.

Are we seeing, therefore, a threat at both ends of the scale — to the intellectual life and to the primitive — from the modern "barbarian" invasions, whose false sophistication and crude affluence reduce everything to their own materialistic and superficial level?

The project of an African Studies Association of the U.K. is now under way, with Miss Margery Perham, of Nuffield College, Oxford, most appropriately elected president of the provisional council. Others playing leading parts come from the School of Oriental and African Studies of London University, from Cambridge, and from other universities in the U.K. It has been felt to be necessary because of the widening interest in African studies in a growing number of academic centres in the country, and because as yet there is in Britain no co-ordination of academic disciplines in this particular field. Departments of Oriental Studies have already more of a footing and, among the new universities, the University of Sussex, near Brighton, is opening, with help from the London School of Oriental and African Studies, its own similar School. Its progress will be followed with sympathetic interest.